

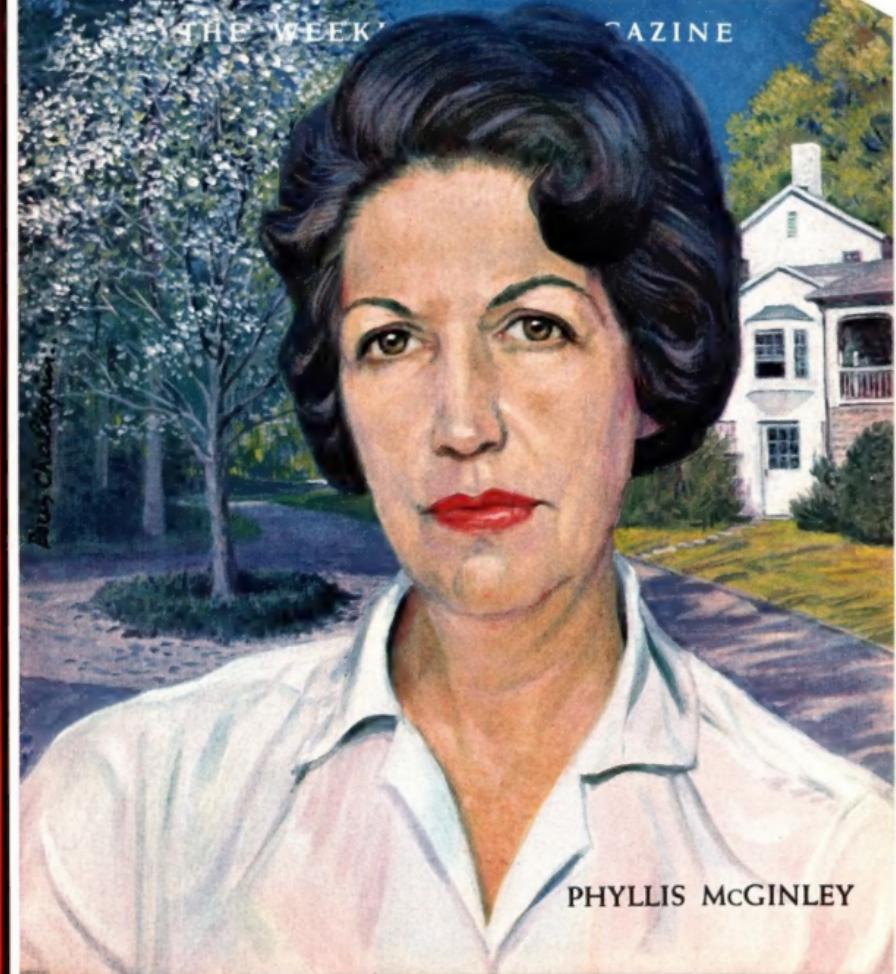
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 18, 1965

TIME

THE WEEK'S MAGAZINE

*"I rise to defend
The quite possible She."*

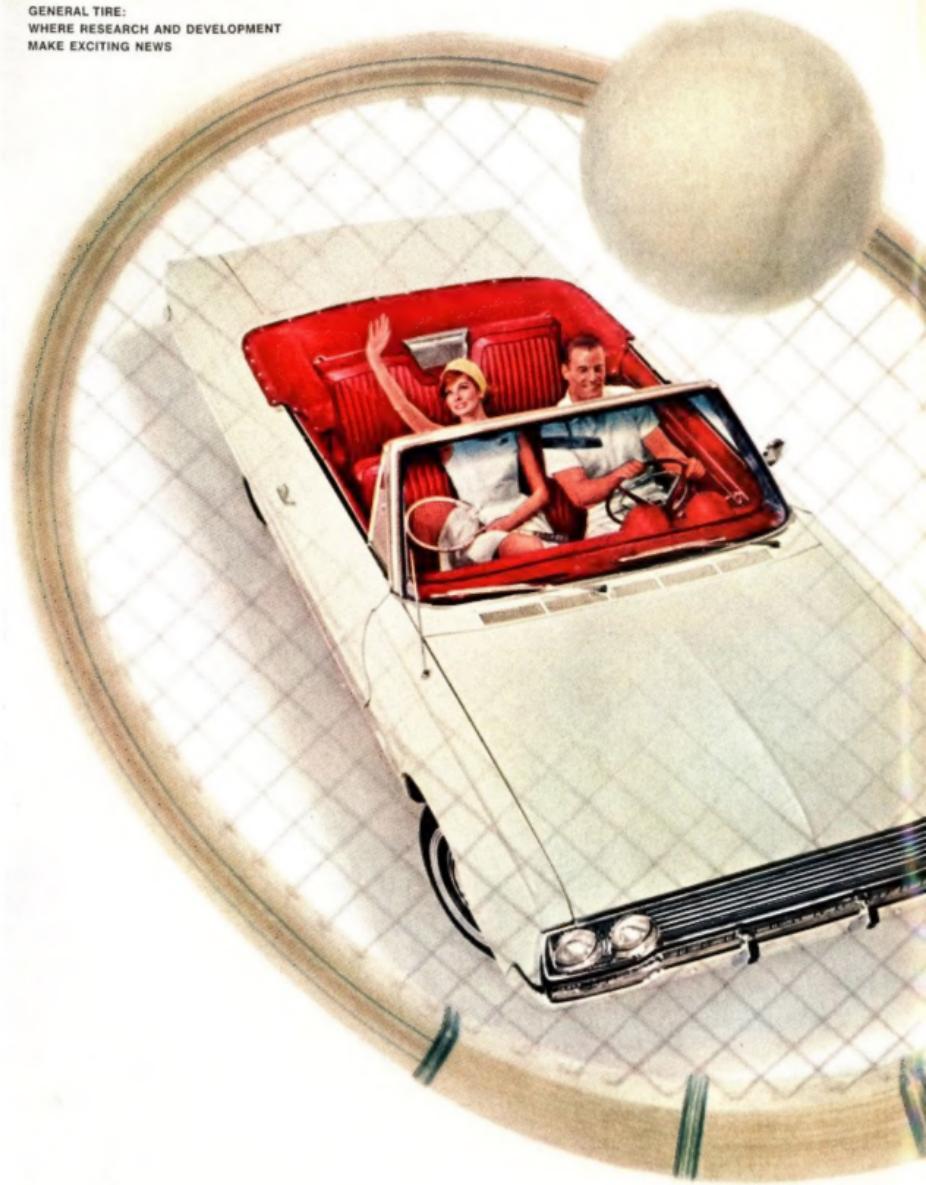


PHYLLIS McGINLEY

VOL. 85 NO. 25

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

GENERAL TIRE:
WHERE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT
MAKE EXCITING NEWS



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Glory: the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2. For one thing, the added horsepower rockets you to 60 mph in only 13½ seconds.

(That's faster than her predecessor, a Sports Car Club of America Champion. And voted "Best GT-sports car selling for less than \$2500" by the many readers

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Then there's the plush comfort of body contoured, individually adjustable bucket seats. The luxury of the vinyl-lined, fully-carpeted interior. And the pizazz of a functional dash with padded top and convenient twin

storage compartments.

Plus rack-and-pinion steering. Disc brakes. Four-wheel independent suspension. Roll-up windows.

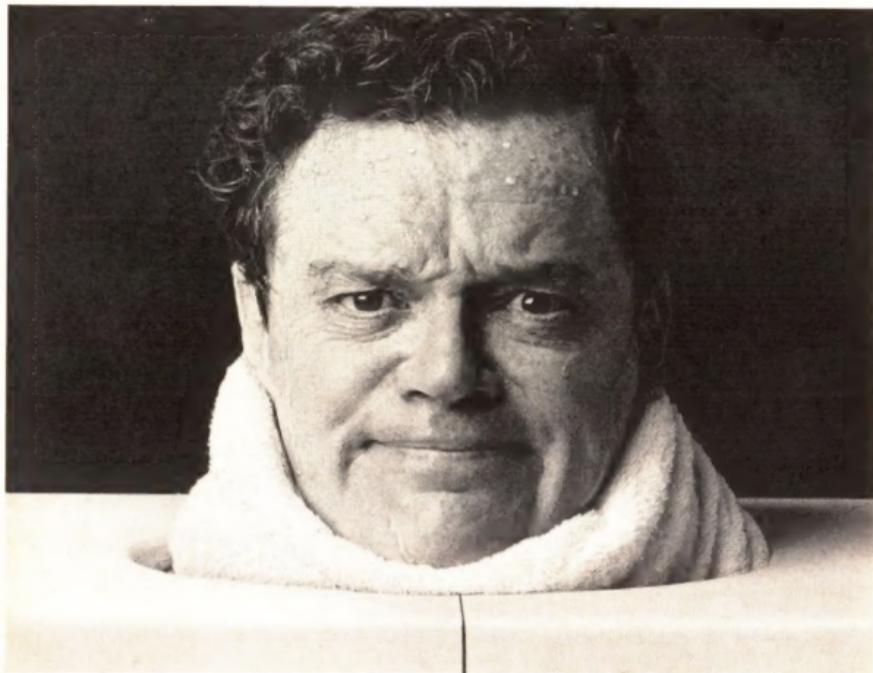
So grab some limelight. Slip into the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2.

And cover yourself with glory!



Triumph Spitfire Mk 2

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How to stay civil—while reducing

Your friendly, neighborhood psychologist will tell you this:

Deny yourself something you like—like food, for instance—and you're liable to become hostile. Nasty. Downright impossible. (Or words to that effect.)

But try putting some sugar into that diet of yours—and suddenly you're Mister Wonderful. Warm. Friendly. Outgoing. Why?

No other food satisfies hunger so fast, or delivers energy so fast, as sugar. At only 18 calories per teaspoon, sugar cushions the blow of dieting—by keeping your vitality up, and your appetite down.

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Stay with sugar. If you're not over-hungry, you won't overeat. You won't bite somebody's head off, either.

Diet with sugar: for the fun of it

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Board of the National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council).



For sweetness with energy, get cane or beet sugar



Times have changed when it comes to changing oil. A look at your owner's manual (it should be in the glove compartment) confirms this. Cars are built to go longer—much longer—between drains. You need a motor oil that matches modern cars. Such a motor oil is AMERICAN® Super Premium **LDO**. It has been specifically formulated to last longer than any other premium motor oil—by far. **LDO** costs more per quart but less per mile.



If you'd rather pay a little less per quart and change oil oftener, your best bet is still Super PERMALUBE®—one of the largest selling premium motor oils in America. See your Standard Oil Dealer.



You expect more from Standard and you get it!*



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Aha! I see it now!

Don't tell me you see a
ruby-throated nuthatch?



I'm not watching birds.

Oh, you sly devil—that's
where they hold the official
All-Girls Volleyball
Championship.



I'm past that stage. I'm
spying on a squirrel.

A squirrel?



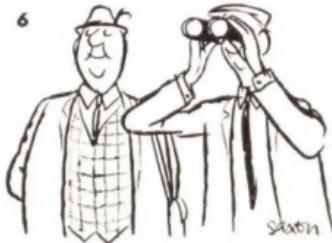
He's been teaching me a lesson.

You feeling all right?



Great. The reason I'm watching
that squirrel is to see what he
does with the nuts I leave
him. And you know, without
fail, he always puts some
away for tomorrow.

Squirrels really do that?



They sure do. And I'm going
to do them one better. I'm
putting something away
for the rest of my life—
with an Equitable annuity.
Guarantees me a regular
income every month, even
if I live to a hundred.

You're not as nutty
as I thought.



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See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.



The Northern Trust's new building addition... open and ready to serve you!

Welcome to our new 14-story building addition. This new structure is an expansion of our familiar bank building on LaSalle Street, and reflects the growth in our business over the past 76 years.

While our facilities have expanded, you will find that we continue to adhere closely to the same basic principles that have served you well in the past, while making use of the most modern developments in banking today.

Some of these developments include: convenient and spacious ground level locations for all checking and savings business...new automatic posting equipment to speed

savings transactions...one of the most complete and advanced computer operations in the banking field...and a drive-in banking plaza with televised tellers to provide a broad range of deposit and withdrawal services.

The next step in our building program will be the renovation of our original building fronting on LaSalle

Street. When the renovation is finished early in 1966, and our original building has been completely integrated with our new building addition, we expect to have available for your use one of the finest banking structures in the country.

The entire building will be occupied by The Northern Trust Company and devoted to serving its customers. While our main entrance will continue to be on LaSalle Street, there are convenient new doors on the Monroe Street side of the new addition.

We invite you to visit us soon. Our new building addition is open and ready to serve you.





"Keep it clean," says Joe Raffe.
And he does. He's the man who makes sure the inside of every BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet is absolutely spotless. For instance, next time you're on one of BOAC's flights from Chicago to London (one leaves every night at 7:00 pm), please take notice of the 96 shining windows. Joe's very proud of them. "If there's one thing I'm stronger than," says Joe, "it's dirt."

Fly direct from Chicago to London. The 14/21-day midweek economy fare is only \$375* round trip. And you can charge it on your Diners' Club or Carte Blanche credit card as well as your International Air Travel Card. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.

*Fares effective thru Nov. 4, 1965 and not applicable during certain peak summer periods.

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There is nothing prettier than a Mercedes-Benz.

Unless it's two of them.

Consider the beauties above.

Identical except for the wonderful power plants under the bonnets.

At left, the 190D. The "D" stands for diesel and for extra distance.

At right, the similarly elegant 190, with gasoline engine.

Now, if you drive 20,000 to 30,000 miles per year the 190D may be for you. Here's real class with

smart, business-like economy.

Proved, too. One of the country's top petroleum marketers recently put this car through a 7,000 mile fuel consumption test in a big city.

The 190D traveled up to 39 miles per gallon in regular city traffic and up to 43.9 miles per gallon over the big city expressways!

And remember—diesel fuel, available practically everywhere, costs about 40% less than gasoline.

But if the idea of a diesel is a little

...it's a gas.

too advanced to digest right now, you might think of the 190.

Here is the same classic beauty. The same quiet, enduring design. Simply runs on gasoline (22 m.p.g., too). That's the difference.

Automatic transmission, if you want, both models.

MERCEDES-BENZ



Everything looks like the 4th of July when you print it on Warren paper



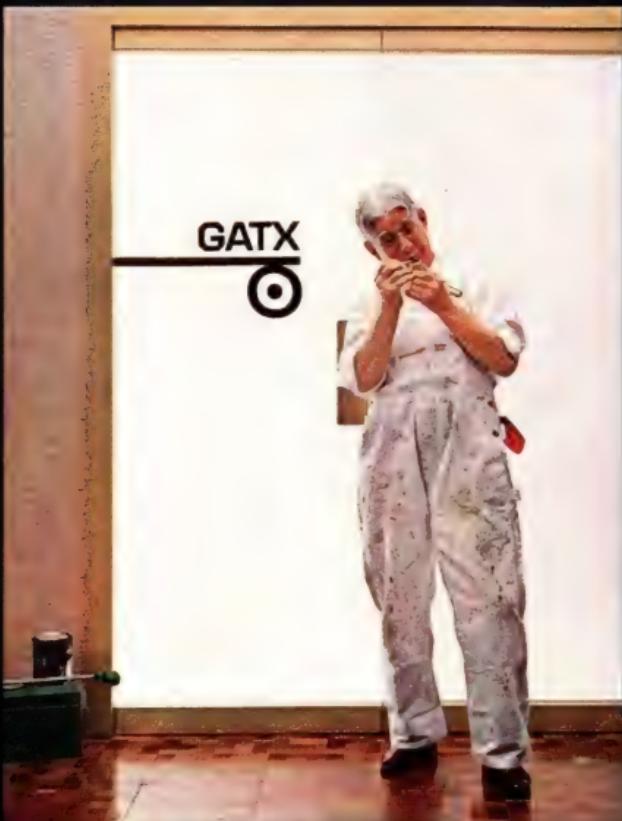
warren

Papers for the printer
who puts quality first

Yesterday George Stanton was a signpainter for



Today George paints for GATX. Which is a lot simpler for all.



Starting today, all our divisions and subsidiaries will be identified by this mark: GATX.

Of course you'll still see those old familiar names around. And they'll be right in the middle of things, as usual. Supplying companies with ideas, services, and equipment to

take things from one place—one form—to another. All along the distribution route.

But they'll all be under the same banner. Our new mark.

GATX has been sort of our unofficial name for years. It's quite used to riding on tank cars.

And we think that it looks quite comfortable riding along from our past to our future. Carrying our reputation and our knowledge into new fields.

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on the spot. You just can't rush quality. Or lightness. So take your time with the drink, dear. I'll wait for Grant's!

Please. The Scotch in the triangular bottle. That's right. The one with 8 on it. Yes, Grant's is 8 years old. I guess that's why it has the taste you acquire



Some biased (but sound) advice
for midwest companies seeking a long and
happy investment banking relationship:

flirt with New York but marry Chicago

It's perfectly natural to think of Wall Street when you are in the market for new financing. The grass always looks greener a thousand miles from home, which tends to obscure an important fact any banker can confirm:

La Salle Street's money is exactly the same shade of green as Wall Street's.

Another even more important fact for midwest companies to bear in mind, particularly when a public stock offering is involved, is this: a company may have multi-million dollar sales that are national in scope, yet find that investor interest is predominantly regional. People who live in the company's area can see the plant, often know employees, and have many other first-hand evidences of the company's size, importance and contributions to the local economy.

That is why, historically, the securities of companies whose names or products are not in the "household word" category tend to drift back to within 100 miles of home base within a year after being marketed.

This means it is vitally important for you to have your stock underwritten by an investment house with deep roots in the midwest and a

vested interest in not only creating but also maintaining a market for your securities in this area.

As a Chicago-based firm, A. G. Becker has been doing this for many fine companies for many years. Several of our top people devote all their time to keeping leading securities dealers as well as individual and institutional investors fully informed about the progress and potentialities of our midwest client companies. This continual flow of information helps build confidence and stimulate interest in the securities of these clients.

A. G. Becker's strong distribution capability in the midwest is also of prime importance to major stockholders in publicly-held companies who wish to bring their total investments into better balance by selling a portion of their company holdings.

We believe that a long and happy marriage between a company and its investment banker is more satisfying to both parties than a whirlwind romance. If this philosophy appeals to you, we invite you to drop us a line or call John Bacon, and we'll arrange a mutually convenient time to explore the many ways we can be of service to you.

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TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 16

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "The American Dream: Class of '65." As June graduates take their leave, colleges ponder larger classes to follow. Newscaster Peter Jennings explores the situation.

Thursday, June 17

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Re-run of an episode in which the Prestons take on a libel suit for a blacklisted movie actor (Jack Klugman).

Friday, June 18

EVERYBODY'S GOT A SYSTEM (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A special program on the gaming urge that infects all gamblers, from the penny-ante poker player to the heiress-million stockbroker. Terry Thomas narrates the documentary, which looks at a British betting shop, Aquaduct race track and Las Vegas.

Saturday, June 19

THE LE MANS GRAND PRIX (ABC, 10:30-11:30 a.m.). The opening laps of the Le Mans Grand Prix road race, live from Europe via Early Bird satellite, with the finish to be televised 24 hours later.

NATIONAL OPEN GOLF TOURNAMENT (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). Third-round play at St. Louis' Bellerive Country Club. Fourth round on Sunday. Color.

FANFARE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Al Hirt's hard, sharp trumpet blows a refreshing note into the minor key of summer reruns as he stars in the first of 13 month-shows, with Guests Eddie Gorme and Froll Garner making cool music. Premiere.

Sunday, June 20

THE LE MANS GRAND PRIX OF ENDURANCE (ABC, 10:30-11:30 a.m.). Last laps.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). Newsreels and vignettes from days "When Mommy and Daddy Were Young": Si-matru at the Paramount, *The Shadow* on radio, a world war raging.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Lenin and Trotsky" studies the early close relationship and the later break between the two archplotters of the Russian Revolution.

THE HOLLOW CROWN: PART II (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Four Royal Shakespeare Company players recite poetry, speeches and letters, both humorous and poignant, by or about British monarchs, from Charles II to Queen Victoria.

Tuesday, June 22

HOLLYWOOD TALENT SCOUTS (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A musical and comedy variety series serving as a showcase for fresh talent with ever-ready Art Linkletter in the host's post. Premiere.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. This revival of Tennessee Williams' 20-year-old classic, while miscast, is a jewel in Broadway's currently tarnished crown.

HALF A SIXPENCE skims along as lightly as a kite, kept in motion by the airy

* All times E.D.T.

charm of cockney Song-and-Dance-Man Tommy Steele. *Kipps*, the H. G. Wells story of a rags-to-riches-to-rags-to-riches hero, provides the plot for this pleasant musical.

THE ODD COUPLE. Art Carney and Walter Matthau are supremely funny as a mismatched pair of shell-shocked husbands beating a retreat from the frays of marriage. Living together is enough to send them back into the thick of the battle.

UV. Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach and Alan Arkin play three wildly amusing neurotics whose feet never quite touch the ground because their minds never get off the psychiatrist's couch.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Diana Sands, as a disarming but determined prostitute, claws and purrs her way into the once serene life of a defenseless book clerk (Alan Alda).

Off Broadway

SQUARE IN THE EYE. Playwright Jack Gelber gives a satirical spin to the contemporary kaleidoscope of marriage, egos, careerism, the cults of surgery and psychoanalysis, and the cosmetics of the death industry. The play is suffused with moral pathos, even while it is being abrasively funny.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED is a romp through the lighter side of life during the crash, the Depression and World War II. The Porter wit and comic vision prove there was indeed a lighter side.

RECORDS

Orchestral

BRUCKNER: FOURTH SYMPHONY (Angel). Otto Klemperer's approach to Bruckner's "Romantic" symphony is majestic but brisk, brassy and free of the tedious, otherworldly vapors that sometimes surround the innocent mystic's lengthy work. This is one of six recordings with London's Philharmonic Orchestra (including symphonies by Stravinsky, Dvorak and Mozart) that celebrate Klemperer's 80th birthday.

RAHMS: SYMPHONIES COMPLETE (Deutsche Grammophon; 4 LPs). Herbert von Karajan's greatest strength lies in the romantic repertory, and one would expect an outstanding set of performances, especially following his recent highly successful recording of the nine Beethoven symphonies. The Berlin Philharmonic sounds as lustrous as ever, and there are wonderful, broad, sensuous swells of melody. But Von Karajan too often masks structure with sonority, allows the pulse to waver and then summons portentous climaxes that turn out to be no more substantial than giant thunderheads with more noise than content.

RAVEL: MA MÈRE L'OYE (Philips). The late Pierre Monteux was 88 when he recorded this Mother Goose ballet suite with the London Symphony Orchestra, creating crystalline tableaux of sleeping princesses and lost children. Monteux also conducts the tilted, spinning *Valse* and seductive, syncopated *Bohème* with both French *esprit* and body English.

KODÁLY: HARY JÁNOS SUITE (London). These high-spirited orchestral sketches are based on an opera celebrating the exploits

of Hary János, the Magyar Baron Munchausen. The musical climax is Hary's single-handed defeat of Napoleon, an event that will not be found in the history books. Hungarian Conductor István Kertész extracts bright colors from the London Symphony Orchestra, augmented by a cymbalum, a Hungarian dulcimer. The disk also offers the dazzling *Dances of Galánta*, named for the little town where Kodály as a boy listened to the gypsies play.

ROGER SESSIONS: SUITE FROM "THE BLACK MASKERS" (Mercury). The 1923 music has a weird and unsettling effect, befitting the Leonid Andreyev drama for which it was written: the black maskers of the title are supposed to be the powerful but unfathomable forces that act on man's soul. Three other short, appealing works by Americans (Walter Piston, Howard Hanson, Alan Hovhaness) are played by Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra.

RAVEL: DAPHNIS AND CHLOË, SUITE NO. 2, and ROUSSEL: BACCHUS AND ARIADNE, SUITE NO. 2 (RCA Victor). For his first recording with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, new Conductor Jean Martinon chose flashy and familiar works—two Dionysian ballets by fellow Frenchmen. Orchestra and conductor show up well, from the airy pianissimos that signal the break of day in the Ravel to the wildly pounding bacchanalia that climaxes the Roussel.

CINEMA

LA TIÁ TULA. In a first film of faultless artistry, Spanish Director Miguel Picazo studies a still beautiful spinster (Aurora Bautista) whose unyielding virtue conquers the passion she feels for her dead sister's husband.

MIRAGE. A plot that often seems trickier than a Chinese puzzle is pieced together entertainingly by a traumatized scientist (Gregory Peck) and a rather inept private eye (Walter Matthau) who keeps his wit about him.

CAT BALLOU. Lawlessness and disorder abound in this wickedly funny western about a pistol-packing schoolmarm (Gene Fonda) and the company she keeps. The best of the company is supplied by Lee Marvin, memorably double-cast as a couple of gunslingers-for-hire.

THE ROUNDERS. Two experienced cowhams, *Fonda père* (Henry) and Glenn Ford, deftly spoof the leathery heroic roles they used to play for real.

IL SUCCESSO. How to succeed, Italian-style, is the subject of a sometimes fierce, sometimes frolicsome satire about a rising young executive (Vittorio Gassman) and the loved ones he leaves behind.

IN HARAM'S WAY. Vice, valor and victory in the Pacific at the outset of World War II, with John Wayne and Patricia Neal heading a do-or-die cast commanded by Director Otto Preminger.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. The African odyssey of an orphaned British lad (Fergus McClelland) leads him to the lair of a rambunctious old diamond poacher (Edward G. Robinson) and into a fresh and colorful adventure story.

RED DESERT. Director Michelangelo Antonioni's first color film is a provocative, painterly essay on alienation in a young wife (Monica Vitti) whose troubles appear to be a byproduct of heavy industry in Ravenna.

THE PAWNBROKER. As an anguished old Jew caught between the remembered hor-

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Paul
Newman
loves
'That
Man'**



'That Man' by Revlon

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Sold only through golf professional shops

rors of Nazi Germany and the deadly grind of life in Spanish Harlem, Rod Steiger illuminates one of the year's grimdest films with one of the year's grandest performances.

BOOKS

Best Reading

IS PARIS BURNING? by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. The absorbing story of Hitler's determined, demented plot to blast the city of Paris to "a blackened field of ruins" rather than see it liberated. Following orders, General Dietrich von Choltitz went so far as to plant the explosives. But then he obeyed his conscience instead of his Führer and delivered the city to the Allies.

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS, by Donald R. Morris. This massive history of the Zulu nation highlights two chieftains: Shaka, whose wars of conquest depopulated much of southern Africa, allowing the Boers and British to move in, and his grandson Cetshwayo, who won many battles against British armies of the 1880s but lost the war and the land.

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM, by Marc Connelly. With a diaphanous novel set in the never-never kingdom of Sajjid, Playwright Connelly (*The Green Pastures*) makes his enterprising entrance into fiction.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, by Flannery O'Connor. The last stories of a powerful Southern writer who died last year at 39. She dramatizes her ever-recurring themes: sin and salvation, death and rebirth, and the Georgia earth she knew so well.

DOG YEARS, by Günter Grass. The author's subject is again Nazi Germany, and he approaches it with obsessive fury. He uses savage humor and a seemingly limitless range of imagery to tell the story of two friends—one Jew, one Gentile—through the Nazi years, the war, and the sudden prosperity that followed.

ASSORTED PROSE, by John Updike. A fine collection of essays and reportage on subjects ranging from the art of light verse to Boston's long love-hate affair with Ted Williams.

Best Sellers

FICTION

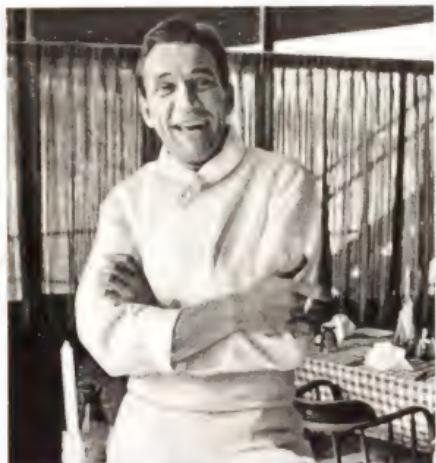
1. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2 last week)
2. The Ambassador, West (4)
3. Hotel, Hailey (1)
4. Herzog, Bellow (3)
5. The Source, Michener (7)
6. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (5)
7. The Flight of the Falcon, D'U Maurier (6)
8. A Pillar of Iron, Caldwell (8)
9. The Man, Wallace (10)
10. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (9)

NONFICTION

1. *Markings*, Hammarkjöld (1)
2. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morrison (2)
3. *Journal of a Soul*, Pope John XXIII (3)
4. *Queen Victoria*, Longford (4)
5. *The Founding Father*, Whalen (5)
6. *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, Greenburg (6)
7. *The Italians*, Barzini (7)
8. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (8)
9. *My Shadow Ron Fast*, Sands (9)
10. *Modern English Usage*, Fowler, revised by Gowers.

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Finn Gurholt is a chef at a resort in Utah



Malcolm W. Frasier distributes marine supplies in Massachusetts



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?



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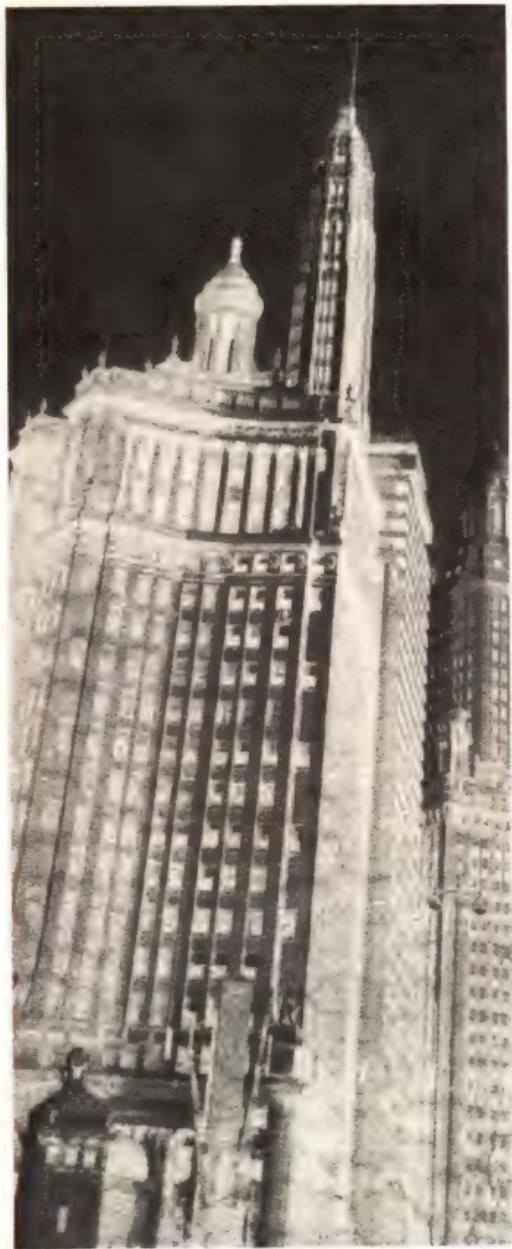
Where are Max H. Hurd, Thomas F. Waldron
Edwin J. Feulner, A. L. Jackson
Herbert J. Taylor, Nathaniel Leverone
Walter H. Rietz, Arthur D. Welton, Jr.
and H. Stanley Wanzer?

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LETTERS

White's Biography Fulfilled

Sir: In the 1952 West Point yearbook, the biography on TIME Cover Subject [June 11] Edward H. White II, states: "He craves excitement and adventure and seldom passes up the chance to do something out of the ordinary."

LOWELL E. TORESON
Captain, U.S.A.

A.P.O.
New York

Sir: Robert Vickrey did a terrific job on the cover. He depicts Ed White and Jim McDivitt as the great Americans they are.

(MRS.) PEGGY LINNARTZ

Walldwick, N.J.

Dostoevskian Simon

Sir: If Norton Simon [TIME, June 4] can call himself a Dostoevskian character, then we may as well identify Norman Vincent Peale with Samuel Beckett. In case anyone is interested, I'm a Nietzschean man. Let's all pick an author: it's "Dignify Yourself Month."

MICHAEL J. DAUGHERTY

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: I read both TIME and FORTUNE's June 1964 article on Norton Simon.

A discrepancy caught my eye, so I went back and checked. The two magazines disagree by \$50 million on Simon's personal worth. TIME says he is personally worth \$100 million, and FORTUNE says \$50 million. What is right?

FREDERICK C. BARBER
Lieutenant, U.S.M.C.

New Orleans

► Both TIME included his \$50 million art collection in that figure, and FORTUNE mentioned it separately.

Shocking Pictures

Sir: Thank you for the two gruesome closeups [TIME, May 28]. The headless body with the cavernous trachea is a masterpiece. Your well-balanced shot of the young man bleeding all over the petrol tank is also appealing. Mind you, I've noticed that some of the more squeamish journals invoke the same feelings of revulsion with good prose. I would rather have my horror pictorially, so please don't go highbrow and use the English language. Keep at it with your candid camera.

JAMES ROLAND

Bombay, India

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Et tu, Brut?

Sir: How can any sane human reasonably condone the furthering of any war after seeing that photograph?

BRIAN ISAACSON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: It never fails to amaze me how people get the facts all twisted up. Instead of condemning the Viet Cong, they condemn TIME for printing the picture. It should show the naive pacifists what the South Vietnamese are up against.

ROBERT BACHMANN JR.
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.

Syracuse

Sir: I turned back to that picture several times before I realized the ghastly position of anyone who gets in the Viet Cong's way. Those whose sensitivities and taste are offended should thank God that they aren't on the receiving end of such savagery.

CLARICE HALL

Sterling, Va.

Preferential Punishment?

Sir: I recall how Clarence Earl Gideon (*Gideon v. Wainwright*) was convicted on circumstantial evidence of taking money from the cigarette machine and juke box in a poolroom. For this the judge imposed the maximum sentence of five years. Compare this with the monstrous swindle of Anthony De Angelis [TIME, June 4]. How can the law be so prejudiced, so unbalanced, that he could be put on probation?

JACK STIRES

El Centro, Calif.

Legislated Beauty

Sir: For once, I'm in complete agreement with President Johnson, although I'm also highly embarrassed about all the White House noise being made to eliminate littering, junkyards, etc. [June 4]. One of these days I suppose we'll need legislation from the Federal Government to tell us affluent Americans to come in out of the rain.

NANCY STEVENSON ADAMS

Athens, Ohio

Sir: So Drew Pearson donated ten tons of manure to Lady Bird's campaign. Why so philanthropic? Is he retiring?

DON WELDON

Philadelphia

Sir: I am incredulous. Can it be true that the preservation of our natural beauty is a matter for legislation? If so, it is



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Brut
for men.
By Fabergé.**

For after shave, after shower,
after anything! **Brut.**

Born through fire
but cool as a cucumber

It all started in Tullahoma back before 1870. In the Highland Rim country of Tennessee, George Dickel brought his very first wagon-load of highland maple and fired it into charcoal granules.



When he mellowed up his whisky by trickling it through 6200 pounds of this charcoal, he said it was "born through fire." Because the charcoal granules and the barreling took out the wild-fire, folks said Mr. Dickel's Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky was "cool as a cucumber."

Still is.



entirely conceivable that the next step will be to require all private citizens to plant one dozen red roses in their front yards in order to be eligible for social security benefits.

MRS. RALPH WOOD

Reeds Ferry, N.H.

Invited After All

Sir: Your story on Robert Lowell's declining to read his poetry at the White House arts festival [June 11] because of his dismay over the President's recent adventures in foreign policy lists me as one of 20 unnamed signers of a statement supporting Lowell's stand. This was true at the time I signed but not by the following day, when the statement was released to the press. For that morning I received a telegram from the White House inviting me to attend. Crossed wires, so to speak. After some thought, I decided I could best serve my President and my country by accepting, which I did.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

The New Yorker
New York City

War and Baez

Sir: The reason the lyrics sung by Joan Baez [June 11] had nothing to do with Viet Nam is because the song is an anti-war song written before matters in Viet Nam had reached their present stage.

The song attacks jingoism and the "my country right or wrong" idea of so many of our wars. "You never ask questions when God's on your side" is the main absurdity of jingoism that Bob Dylan hits. He concludes: "If God's on our side, he'll stop the next war."

THOMAS MICHAEL DAVY

Brookfield, Ill.

Strange Happenings

Sir: *Le Groupe Panique*, whose "happenings" TIME recounted [June 4], typifies the adolescent antics of a few publicly-conscious individuals active in Paris. Since the happenings took place on the premises of this center, I should like to make clear that such events are not representative of the artistic, esthetic or social attitudes of the college-approved, year-round art program which operates under our auspices.

ROGER BARR, DIRECTOR
American Center for Students and Artists
Paris

Sir: The account of France's Total Theater is priceless. Your handling of the story is classic. What a delicious editorial staff you have. *Five to Time*.

ROBERT WINDSOR
Choreographer, Lyric Theater
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Maestro's Due

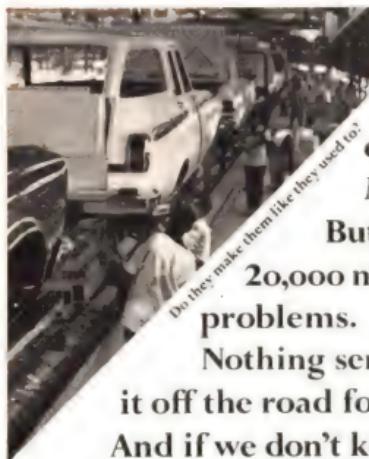
Sir: I felt so rewarded at seeing your article on Sergiu Celibidache [TIME, June 4]. When I lived in Berlin after the war, hearing the Berlin Philharmonic on a Sunday afternoon was the highlight of the week. Then Maestro Celibidache wore his hair quite long; it was a veritable mane that swung to and fro with every movement of his spirited conducting. I thought he was terrific, hair and all. Ever since, I have wondered what happened to him. Thank you for clearing up the mystery.

GEN ROBBINS

Predmont, Calif.

Sir: Platigrorsky isn't the only musician who wonders why Celibidache's mastery is

Avis figures a car is good for 20,000 miles.



That's not what Detroit says. In fact, they claim to be making them better than they ever did before.

Maybe so.

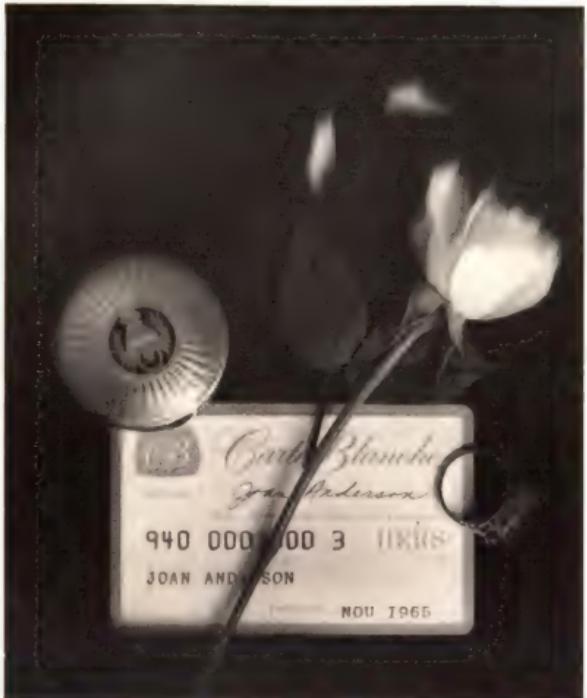
But let's face it. When a car has gone 20,000 miles, you can expect to have a few problems.

Nothing serious, maybe. But enough to keep it off the road for a day.

And if we don't keep our cars rolling, it costs us. A day of down time means about \$16 less in the Avis kitty. And when you're only No. 2, that hurts.

So that's why the car you rent from Avis will be a 1965 creampuff with under 20,000 miles on it.

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Profile of a lady.

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CARTE BLANCHE  YOUR INSTANT FARE FOR JETTING THERE!

so poorly appreciated. He has never compromised with mediocre music and musicians nor with petty orchestra managers. Unfortunately, this has cost him many a great opportunity. Playing under him has always been an exhausting but unique experience.

CARLOS ZAVALA V.
Cellist

National Symphony
Mexico City

Braceros Wanted

Sir: Never have I been so disgusted by bureaucratic meddling in a state problem as I was with the *bracero* ban [June 4]. Congressmen sitting 3,000 miles away in Washington take it upon themselves to arbitrarily outlaw *braceros*. To state unemployment as an argument is absurd. How many of the 440,000 unemployed Californians would stoop to do farm work even at the union wage?

PIETER F. FAUCKER
Nürnberg, Germany

Sir: I have just set out four dozen strawberry plants. If Secretary Wirtz won't send us *braceros*, I'll pick my own.

BARBARA F. WEINER
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Apology to Amherst

Sir: A quotation from me in TIME [June 4] makes what appears to be a slighting reference to Amherst. May I correct that? The question was whether the close contact of faculty and students in a small college could be reproduced at Harvard by a transfer to the existing faculty of some considerable part of the teaching now done by graduate assistants. The substance of my answer was that the best of the faculty would be driven out by this scheme. The resulting parody of such a college as Amherst would certainly not have the distinction of Amherst, or any distinction.

ROGERS ALBRITTON
Chairman,
Department of Philosophy
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Underground Lightning

Sir: TIME missed the most important feature of our observations of the Icelander volcano [June 11]. We found that the process responsible for the volcano lightning does not occur in the volcano cloud, as had previously been supposed, but instead takes place underground before the hot eruption gases escape into the atmosphere.

BERNARD VONNEGUT
Cambridge, Mass.

Address letters to the editor, TIME & LIFE, Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Ever notice how many cars look like copies of Buick's Riviera? Rough copies.



It's one thing to duplicate a Riviera's looks. (You take a piece of tracing paper, see ...) But then what do you do when it comes time to duplicate Buick's kind of engineering? And what about the somewhat overpowering list of regular equipment we build into all our Rivieras? Power steering and power brakes with finned drums. A 325-horsepower powerhouse of an engine. An automatic transmission. Squishy-deep bucket seats, with a console in between. A tilting steering wheel. Carpeting all over the place. Etc., etc., etc. (As for optional equipment, you might start things off with our new black vinyl top.) Don't get us wrong. You can get a perfectly nice, if fuzzy, copy of the Riviera for a few dollars less than we charge. But wouldn't you really rather have an original?

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

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**Note: There is no difference between evening and night rates on interstate calls less than 221 miles.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 18, 1965 Vol. 85, No. 25

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Toward a Winning Commitment

The U.S. is committed to preventing a Communist military victory in South Viet Nam. That is settled fact.

But how many American troops will it take to fulfill that commitment? And to what degree should they be involved in the actual fighting? The answers to these questions are far from settled.

TIME COVER 1965: RONALD LARSON



WESTMORELAND OF VIET NAM
Help upon request.

Last week they were the subject of continuing controversy—and confusion.

Doubt & Confirmation. The Viet Cong's monsoon-season offensive was under way (see *THE WORLD*), and the Johnson Administration last week announced publicly for the first time that U.S. troops have been authorized to fight, in combat units, alongside their South Vietnamese allies. The announcement was fair warning to the nation to expect a greater U.S. commitment and heavier U.S. casualties in the future.

Robert McCloskey, a State Department public information officer, told reporters that U.S. forces were prepared to give "combat support" to Vietnamese troops at the discretion of General William C. Westmoreland, the U.S. commander in South Viet Nam. McCloskey's statement triggered an outcry that this represented a new and reckless U.S. policy.

Stung by the criticism, the President ordered a White House press release intended to cast doubt on the State Department statement. As it turned out, the presidential denial was a confirma-

tion. It said that there has been "no change" in the "primary mission" of U.S. ground troops—that of guarding such installations as the Air Force at Danang. Of course, it continued, General Westmoreland is empowered to send U.S. combat units into battle, "if help is requested" by Vietnamese commanders.

Westmoreland has had that authority since last March, when U.S. Marines landed in Viet Nam. From the time of their arrival, the Marines have been moving through a five-stage plan geared to get them into full combat, side by side with the Vietnamese. In the first stage, they constructed a defense perimeter at Danang airbase; second, they sent out small patrols a mile or so beyond the defense line; third, they moved bigger patrols as far as five miles out, seeking to find and fight the Viet Cong; fourth, they moved out eight miles or more, accompanied by small Vietnamese combat units; and fifth, they plan to head out in full combat patrols with full-size Vietnamese platoons.

"*The Limit.*" The State Department's declaration, followed by the White House denial that actually confirmed it, naturally caused plenty of talk in Washington. Amid rumors that he would soon resign because of various ailments (deafness, a bad back), U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Maxwell Taylor was in town to consult with the President. When reporters asked Taylor about reports that Johnson wants U.S. forces beefed up—possibly to 100,000 men by the end of the year—Taylor would only say cautiously, "I know of no such project."

Another visitor to the White House was Australia's Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies, who delighted Lyndon Johnson by staunchly backing the U.S. stand. "Viet Nam is the frontier of freedom," said Menzies, who recently ordered 900 Australian troops to Viet Nam. "Abandonment would mean that country would be overrun by the North, and we can't have that."

Despite the stakes and the growing American commitment, South Viet Nam is still a long way from being a Korea. U.S. forces ashore in Viet Nam total just 53,500. Only 13,000 U.S. troops are actually part of organized combat components—including 9,500 Marines and 3,500 men of the Army's

173rd Airborne Brigade. At the peak of the fighting in Korea, U.S. combat forces totaled a quarter of a million men.

Problem of Etiquette. A more pertinent case than Korea is the battle put up by the British in Malaya. There, led by General Sir Gerald Templer, they tenaciously fought Communist guerrillas side by side with Malayan nationals, throwing thousands and thousands of

TIME COVER 1965: RONALD LARSON



TEMPLER OF MALAYA
Help without niceties.

British soldiers into the war until it was finally and totally won in 1960. Because Malaya was a British colony, there was no problem of diplomatic etiquette, of waiting for an invitation before plunging into combat, such as the U.S. had to face in Viet Nam.

The idea of a Korean, or a Malayan, degree of involvement in South Viet Nam is unpalatable to most Americans. But it is not unthinkable, if only because it may be necessary to meet the basic U.S. commitment. One of the Johnson Administration's major problems has been the average American's notion that the war in South Viet Nam is little more than a skirmish between opposing Asians. President Johnson is in the process of dispelling that notion by sending more and more American men to do more and more fighting there. Such deepening involvement calls for results beyond stalemate. Thus, the President's problem in the months to come will not be to defend the U.S. presence in Southeast Asia but to devise a strategy that will lead to the U.S. gaining the upper hand.

SPACE

Toward the Moon

Only three years ago, Astronaut John Glenn and his *Friendship 7* capsule were the symbols of American adventure in space. Today, Glenn is a 43-year-old soft-drink company executive in Texas, and *Friendship 7* is on display in the Smithsonian Institution. Both the man and his machine are honored relics of the infancy period of U.S. space travel.

That period is over—as proved by Astronauts James A. McDivitt and Edward H. White II in their Gemini 4 flight, which ended successfully last week. Glenn and his Project Mercury colleagues showed that man can get into outer space and get safely back to earth. McDivitt and White showed that

set by Soviet Cosmonaut Valery Bykovsky in June 1963. Together, they were aloft three times longer than all eight U.S. astronauts who preceded them. They covered 1,609,684 miles in their 62-orbit flight. Not only did White spend 20 minutes floating alone outside the capsule, but as a bonus the space twins returned to earth with a breathtakingly brilliant series of films of the space stroll (see color pages).

Swift Kick. On the capsule's third day in space, nearing the end of the 48th revolution around earth, its IBM computer went on the blink. Even though the computer was necessary to help the pilot guide the capsule back to earth with pinpoint accuracy, the failure caused no great alarm. At the Houston Control Center, Mission Director Christopher Kraft blamed a

Negative for Item Bravo. Preparing for re-entry, McDivitt and White spent three hours securing loose equipment. Reason: for an accurate descent, the capsule's center of gravity must be exactly determined; if, in re-entry, any equipment were to start flying around, it could shift the center of gravity.

Just before the re-entry process began, Dr. Charles Berry, Project Gemini's chief physician, chatted with his patients. "I'd like to make sure that both of you feel completely rested. Is that affirmed?" Replied McDivitt: "We are a little tired, but we are as rested as we can be." "Do you feel that there is any need for Item Bravo?" asked Berry, referring to the Dexedrine pep pills carried by the astronauts. The answer: "Negative."

Flight control cut in. "Anything else you want, Jim?" Replied McDivitt. "Yeah, my computer." As an amiable second thought he said he could also use some soap and water: "I feel pretty darn woolly." Retorted ground control: "Just don't take a bath." McDivitt would have loved to. "I thought those fumes after 24 hours were bad," quipped the astronaut, bathless for four days. "You ought to be up here now." McDivitt had one final request: "Don't forget, I want to be recovered in a hurry." Replied ground control: "Roger. All you've got to do is hit the spot."

Re-Entry. Over Hawaii, McDivitt maneuvered the capsule around, blunt end forward. "Start burn," came a command from the Hawaii ground station. "Affirmative, am firing," said McDivitt. He pushed the Orbit Attitude Maneuver System stick forward, firing a 100-lb. thrusting rocket toward the blunt end to guide the capsule into a lower perigee about 50 miles high. The rockets fired for 2 min. 41 sec.—one second too long, and enough to send the spacecraft at least 40 miles off its mark.

Near Guaymas, Mexico, McDivitt fired four retro-rockets, each with a 2,500-lb. kick, to put the slowly spinning cabin into the proper trajectory. At 400,000 ft., the spacecraft re-entered the atmosphere, and communications, as expected, went out in the intense heat of friction. In his last garbled transmission, McDivitt could be heard to say, "O.K." Outside, the heat shield glowed red-hot as the temperature rose to 3,000° F. The astronauts were enthralled. "The prettiest part of it all is re-entry," said McDivitt afterward. "We saw pink light coming up around our spacecraft. It got orange, then redder, then green. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen."

At 100,000 ft., the blackout ended, and McDivitt's voice came through. "We're five-by-five up here," he said, meaning that he and White felt fine. At 50,000 ft., a drogue chute eight feet in diameter billowed out to stabilize the spinning craft, and at 10,600 ft., the white-and-orange main chute, 84 ft. across, blossomed like a giant marigold to waft the 3.5-ton craft gently to sea.

Some 390 miles east of Cape Ken-



WHITE & McDIVITT IN HELICOPTER AFTER OCEAN LANDING
Then, grinning like kids, a "Yahoo" just for the hell of it.

man can endure in space, that by his own skills he can cope with mechanical failure with little more danger (although sensing the same frustrations) than the ordinary Sunday-afternoon motorist. The historian of the future may well look back on the flight of Gemini 4 as the time when man erased most doubts about his ability to fly to the moon—and beyond.

The Best of Both. "Gemini 4 demanded the best of men and machines," said Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the Manned Spacecraft Center at Houston, after the successful completion of the flight. And it got the best. Except for a few relatively minor flaws, the space capsule functioned magnificently; even in the searing heat of re-entry, the cabin stayed around 70° F., with humidity of about 60%—just like a crisp June day in Denver. As for the men, Command Pilot McDivitt and Copilot White survived more than four days of weightlessness in such good shape that space doctors were amazed. Each logged 97 hr. 56 min. in space—just 21 hr. 10 min. less than the record

"glitch"—a computer-age gremlin that causes an abrupt change in power, fouling up delicate circuits. Kraft turned to Astronaut John Young, who used a similar computer on the earlier Gemini 3 flight, asked if a swift kick might revive it. Said Young, "Yes, if everything else fails." Nothing would get it going again, but Kraft declared that the failure would have "absolutely no effect on the safety of the flight."

What the computer's failure did mean was that McDivitt would not be able to "fly" the capsule back to earth. Kraft therefore advised him that ground computers would have to help steer Gemini 4 for him, as they did in Mercury flights.

In the final orbits, ground operators advised the spacecraft, "This looks like about an 8-G re-entry"—meaning the astronauts would be pressed back with eight times the force of gravity instead of the anticipated 4-Gs. "Oh, that's too much for an old man like me," said McDivitt, then just three days away from his 36th birthday. Replied ground control: "You can hack it."



FLOATING FREE. ASTRONAUT WHITE IS PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEMINI'S SKIPPER

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT STUCKEY





MOVIE SHOTS from capsule show White standing in seat (upper left), emerging from hatch, and pushing off into space. Golden umbilical cable (above) uncoils from bag in capsule, supplies White with oxygen and communications.



AT TETHER'S END. White prepares to maneuver with hand-held jet gun and to snap pictures, of which only three turned out. Capsule was rotating slowly as White returned. Wide-angle lens accentuates the earth's curvature.



nedy and 53 miles from the waiting aircraft carrier *Wasp*, the capsule plumped into the Atlantic. McDivitt was disappointed that it was not a bull's-eye. "I wanted to land on the after-elevator of the *Wasp*," he said later. But he was obviously pleased to be back on earth. "Hooray! Hooray!" he cried. "We're going to the *Wasp*!"

Fifteen minutes after splashdown, Navy frogmen were lowered into the water by a helicopter. They peered into McDivitt's window to see if the astronauts were all right, then strapped a huge yellow flotation collar around the capsule to keep it from sinking.

Reception. Just 57 minutes after hitting the water, McDivitt and White were landed by helicopter on the flight deck of the *Wasp*. More than a thousand sailors crowded around to cheer them. There had been fears that they would faint, or at least experience dizziness the first time they tried to walk. But both saluted the U.S. flag, then strode without a misstep along the red carpet that had been laid down for them.

They were bearded and sweaty, and fatigue lines were etched deeply around their eyes. But they grinned, and at one point McDivitt, for the hell of it, let out a loud "Yahoo!" Before the hungry, thirsty astronauts had a chance to eat or drink anything, doctors whisked them down to sick bay for the first of a series of intensive medical tests that will continue for weeks. "I knew we'd wind up in a hospital," quipped McDivitt.

The medics' chief concern was how four days of weightlessness would affect the astronauts' cardiovascular systems. There were fears that a long period of physical inactivity, heightened by the absence of gravity, would make their hearts lazy and flabby, cause dizziness and fluttering of the heart when the men suddenly became active again. White, whose normal heartbeat is an unusually slow 50 per min., registered 96 while lying on the *Wasp*'s examining table. When the table was tilted upright, his heartbeat spurted to almost 150 per min. Four days later it was still 70 to 80. But even that reaction was better than doctors had expected.

As for McDivitt, he had a few flecks of caked blood in his nostrils. The medical men figured that this was caused by the dryness of his mucous membranes from inhaling pure oxygen for so long. Their solution for future space trips: a pinch of plain old petroleum jelly in the nostrils. X rays were taken of the astronauts' little fingers and heel bones both before and after the flight to see whether their long exposure to weightlessness and inactivity caused noteworthy loss of calcium. The Soviet cosmonauts suffered such bone demineralization on their flights, and patients confined to bed for as little as three days have been known to suffer sharp losses of calcium. Results of the X rays, however, will not be in for some time.

Strong Men. While in space, McDivitt lost four pounds and White, eight. But heavy eating aboard the *Wasp* changed

that. By the time they arrived back in the U.S., each was a pound heavier than before Gemini 4's takeoff.

All in all, the doctors were delighted. "It was far, far better than anything we could have expected," said Berry, who flew from Houston to the *Wasp*. "If I were any happier today, I think I'd be flying around the room." Berry said the flight promised "to knock down an awful lot of straw men. We had been told that we would have an unconscious astronaut after four days of weightlessness. Well, they're not. We were told that the astronaut would experience vertigo, disorientation when he stepped out of that spaceship. We hit that one over the head."

What bothered the astronauts most was fatigue. "Both men were bushed," said Berry. McDivitt explained later

noting that when McDivitt thought the booster was 400 ft. off, it was really 2,000 ft. away, said: "It's pretty hard to tell distances up there by eyeballing it." Next August's Gemini 5 flight, however, will have sophisticated radar for rendezvous exercises.

White confessed that during his "extravehicular activity," his 25-ft. tether gave him considerable trouble, kept tugging him toward the very spot he had been warned to avoid—the spacecraft's adapter section. There, two-foot-long plumes of burning fuel shot out from the thruster rockets fired by McDivitt to stabilize the capsule, and White at times drifted as near as five or six feet above them.

White said he knew that anything he said during his space walk would be heard over live radio and TV, con-



PAT & ED WHITE, PAT & JIM McDIVITT AT HOUSTON CEREMONY
Something to eat as well as wear from Lyndon.

that he and White were kept awake both by radio transmissions and by the thumping of jet thrusters fired to correct the cabin's attitude. "Try to sleep with somebody slapping you on the foot with a hammer," he said. "You don't get much."

Three days after the astronauts emerged from their capsule, the *Wasp* put in at Maysport, Fla. McDivitt and White were flown to Houston's Ellington Air Force Base, where their wives—both named Pat—their children and 1,500 well-wishers waited in 92° heat. Four-year-old Patrick McDivitt could hardly wait to blurt out some news. "Daddy! Daddy!" he cried. "I jumped off the high board!" McDivitt grinned, patted his son's head.

Troublesome Tether. In a press conference at the Space Center the next day, McDivitt and White matter-of-factly gave 75 newsmen a rundown of their flight. Seated at a table covered with gold-colored cloth, McDivitt said he had trouble trying to rendezvous with the booster that had hurled the capsule into orbit. It was, he said, tumbling too much. Mission Director Kraft,

fessed that he was worried about "What do you say to 194 million people?" He decided to chat with McDivitt as if nobody at all were listening. "What you heard," he said, "was two test pilots conducting their mission in the best manner possible."

A few hours after the astronauts' press conference, President Johnson flew down to Houston and came up with the surprise he had promised the astronauts earlier, when he congratulated them by phone after their arrival aboard the *Wasp*. "I've been saving some little something for you," said the President at that time. Now, standing in front of Houston's Mission Control Center, he told Air Force Majors McDivitt and White that he was nominating them for promotions to lieutenant colonel. He also said he was nominating Gemini 3 Command Pilot Gus Grissom, who helped guide Gemini 4 from the ground, and Mercury Astronaut Gordon Cooper, who will fly Gemini 5, for the same jump in rank. This "little token," he told the astronauts, is "something you can eat as well as wear."

Gemini 4 had its failures—a missed

rendezvous, a stuck hatch, a computer that malfunctioned—but they were minor compared with its stunning success. Space officials made no effort whatever to conceal their optimism. Minutes after the Gemini 4 capsule splashed down, they flashed this confident message on TV screens at the Space Center: "End of flight plan—time in next time for G 5."

Their optimism washed over into the Apollo moon-shot program. Where officials were recently talking about 1970 as the likely year for the first U.S. lunar landing attempt, last week they were talking about 1969, and Apollo Manager Joseph Shea said the first attempt might even come in mid-1968. "That's the true implication of Gemini 4 for Apollo," said Shea. Original plans called for a landing on the 15th Apollo shot, he explained, but "now we may be able to make an attempt on the fourth, fifth or sixth launch."

Whatever the exact date, this much is certain: Gemini 4 has fixed man's eyes irrevocably on the moon—and it has convinced U.S. officials that before too long man's eyes will be looking back down from the moon.

THE CONGRESS

"He's Gone, Mr. Secretary"

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has always had pretty much his own way on Capitol Hill. This is partly because he has had strong presidential backing, partly because he overwhelms Congress with his ability to reel off facts and figures in almost unanswerable argument. Not the least of McNamara's accomplishments was to win the support of Georgia's Democratic Representative Carl Vinson, until his retirement last year the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and the sometime gadfly to previous Defense Secretaries.

Now, however, McNamara is having his troubles with Congress—mostly in the person of L. (for Lucius) Mendel Rivers, 59, new chairman of the Armed Services Committee, a tall, militarily erect (although he has no service record) lawyer from Greenville, S.C., who now lives in Charleston. Rivers admires McNamara's ability, but he has long been irritated at the way the Secretary favored Vinson with inside information, often leaving the other 37 committee

members in the dark. The new chairman's view came through clearly at a recent McNamara briefing. Riled by McNamara's patronizing attitude, he said: "Mr. Secretary, Carl Vinson is gone. He's gone, Mr. Secretary. Carl Vinson has gone."

The Plague. Rivers' chief complaint is that McNamara has, in many of his administrative decisions, usurped the rights of Congress. On the chairman's rostrum in his committee room he has placed a walnut plaque, inscribed in gilt lettering "U.S. Const.—Art. I—Sec. 8. The Congress shall have Power . . . to raise and support Armies . . . provide and maintain a Navy . . . make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces."

Says Rivers: "I don't have any right or authority to delegate these powers under the Constitution. I do not subscribe to the philosophy that all legislation on the military should come from the Department of Defense." In more political terms, Rivers, a 13-term Congressman who supported Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond for President in 1948, Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, and the national Democratic ticket since then,

YES, I BELIEVE I AM BEING FOLLOWED

AT the Departments of State, Labor, and Health, Education & Welfare, the Export-Import Bank, the Peace Corps and, of all things, the Bonneville Power Administration, job applicants are tested for their personality as a prerequisite of employment. The tests differ, but the most widely used and the one upon

which the others are based is the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI), a 566-question, true-false quiz developed at the University of Minnesota. The test has recently come under strong congressional criticism on the ground that it requires answers that are nobody else's business. Sample questions:

T F

- Evil spirits possess me at times.
- I have had very peculiar and strange experiences.
- I have never been in trouble because of my sex behavior.
- My soul sometimes leaves my body.
- I have not lived the right kind of life.
- Sometimes I am strongly attracted by the personal articles of others, such as shoes, gloves, etc., so that I want to handle or steal them though I have no use for them.
- At times I have a strong urge to do something harmful or shocking.
- I believe women ought to have as much sexual freedom as men.
- I believe I am being followed.
- I have never indulged in any unusual sex practices.
- Sometimes I feel as if I must injure myself or someone else.
- The top of my head sometimes feels tender.
- I am worried about sex matters. I believe my sins are unpardonable.
- I brood a great deal.

T F

- I have been disappointed in love. I dream frequently about things that are best kept to myself.
- I believe there is a Devil and a Hell in afterlife.
- Someone has control over my mind.
- Once in a while I laugh at a dirty joke.
- Many of my dreams are about sex matters.
- I have strange and peculiar thoughts.
- Bad words, often terrible words, come into my mind and I cannot get rid of them.
- I feel uneasy indoors.
- A windstorm terrifies me.
- I deserve severe punishment for my sins.
- At times I think I am no good at all.
- I have had some very unusual religious experiences.
- Usually I would prefer to work with women.
- I am bothered by people outside, on streetcars, in stores, etc., watching me.
- I have never seen a vision.
- I am fascinated by fire.

T F

- I am a special agent of God.
- When a man is with a woman he is usually thinking about things related to her sex.
- I have never seen things doubled (that is, an object never looks like two objects to me without my being able to make it look like one object).
- Dirt frightens or disgusts me.
- I dislike to take a bath.
- I like manly women.
- There is something wrong with my sex organs.
- I practically never blush.
- I am not afraid of picking up a disease or germs from door knobs.
- I would like to hunt lions in Africa.
- Several times a week I feel as if something dreadful is about to happen.
- I never attend a sexy show if I can avoid it.
- I like repairing a door latch.
- I sometimes feel that I am about to go to pieces.
- A large number of people are guilty of bad sexual conduct.
- I like movie love scenes.



CHAIRMAN RIVERS

No power to delegate power.

says: "I've got enough John C. Calhoun in me to believe that Congress has got a mission—and I'm not going to subvert it. John C. Calhoun was the greatest man in our history."

Where It Hurts. So far this year, Rivers and one of his senior committee members, F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana, have successfully held up McNamara's latest proposals for reorganizing the armed forces reserves. He is fighting McNamara's bill for a \$447 million military pay raise. Rivers thinks the hike ought to be nearly twice as much, and he scoffed at the Administration's claim that the Pentagon figure would be enough to "attract and retain adequate numbers and quality of personnel in the armed forces." Rivers said the statement was "ridiculous on its face"—and Bob McNamara is not accustomed to such talk.

Last week Rivers hit McNamara where it really hurt. In a major economy move, McNamara has marked 669 military installations for elimination or reduction. Since political points are scored by the amount of defense spending a politician can bring to his district, the order is unpopular with most Congressmen—including Mendel Rivers, in whose Charleston district the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps and Coast Guard all have installations. Rivers therefore sponsored an amendment to a military construction bill that would give either branch of Congress the right to veto a shutdown or curtailment of activity at any military installation.

The House, by a voice vote, whooped the Rivers amendment through. There was the clear threat of a presidential veto. But that would further impair the relationship between Rivers and McNamara, and McNamara is likely to be dealing with Rivers for a long while. "I don't intend to relinquish this gavel soon," says Rivers. "I'm in reasonably good health."

DEFENSE

The \$25 Billion Question

"It is one of the biggest decisions a Secretary of Defense ever had to make," says a Pentagon officer, and he may well be right. For the question that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara must eventually answer is whether to order production and deployment of the Army's Nike-X anti-missile missile system. If McNamara says yes, it will cost the U.S. about \$25 billion. And if, as the Army claims, Nike-X would offer the U.S. effective protection against ICBM attack, it would be cheap at the price. What McNamara must decide is whether the Nike-X system, with some of its key components barely off the drawing boards after eight years of effort and some \$2 billion in expenditures, will live up to Army expectations.

What is Nike-X? Is it, as might be supposed, a wizard new missile that can seek out and destroy hostile incoming ICBMs? No. It is rather an anti-missile "system," with the most important parts on (or under) the ground.

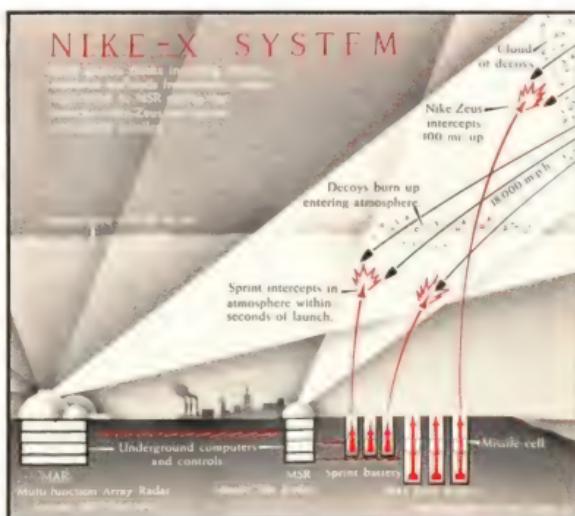
Revolutionary Radar. Nike-X's brain is a revolutionary, Army-developed multi-function array radar (MAR), which uses lightning-fast electronic switching instead of the conventional radar antenna to direct its beams, thus can "see" 360° at a glance. The Army now has a prototype MAR installation at White Sands, N. Mex., is building another on Kwajalein Island in the Pacific. MAR can 1) detect incoming missiles hundreds of miles away; 2) determine which of the missiles have warheads and which are decoys; and 3) track the missiles as they streak toward their U.S. targets.

As the Army envisions it, MAR control centers across the U.S. will stand sentry duty against ICBM attacks. A MAR center outside New York City, for example, will cover the East Coast from New England to Washington. Each center will have a three-story, underground, concrete-and-steel residence for computers assessing the information given by the radar beams.

Operating in nanoseconds (billions of a second), the computers will take that information and in turn feed it to the missile sites, where a smaller radar called MSR (missile site radar) will take over and—unless overruled by monitoring officers—fire the actual anti-missile missiles and keep them on target as they try to intercept.

Worth the Gamble? Nike-X would use two types of missiles. One is the Nike-Zeus, a long-range, supersonic bird that, in tests, has already proved its ability to intercept and down an ICBM traveling 18,000 m.p.h. far above the atmosphere. The other is Sprint, a shorter-range missile with a tremendous but highly classified starting power. Sprint has months, or even years, of testing to go before it can even begin to be considered operational. But the idea is that the Nike-Zeus would go off first, seek out and try to destroy all incoming, outer-atmosphere-level ICBMs. If needed, Sprint would go after the missiles that might get past the Nike-Zeus destroyers or those coming in at lower than 150,000 ft.

Even if a crash program were to be started, it would be 1970 before all of Nike-X's components—MAR, MSR, Nike-Zeus and Sprint—could be tied together into a tested, workable defense



package. As of now, Defense Secretary McNamara remains unconvinced that Nike-X is worth a \$25 billion gamble. But his mind remains open to the extent that he has budgeted \$400 million for further work as an obvious hedge against the day when he must make that decision.

LABOR

Blistering Dissent

Suppose there was a national emergency. And suppose a key labor union was dominated by Communists who called a political strike, crippling the nation's effort to meet the crisis.

That thought haunted the authors of the Landrum-Griffin Labor-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act of 1959. To guard against this possibility, they made it a crime for a Communist Party member to hold union office. Among the first to be tried under the provision was San Francisco Longshoreman Archie Brown, an open Communist for more than 25 years and a member of his local's executive board. In 1962 Brown was convicted and sentenced to six months in prison. He appealed, and last week, by a 5 to 4 decision in a session-ending spate of activity (see THE LAW), the U.S. Supreme Court upheld him. The majority opinion, written by Chief Justice Earl Warren, declared that the Landrum-Griffin provision was a bill of attainder, and therefore unconstitutional.

"Even assuming that Congress had reason to conclude that some Communists would use union positions to bring about political strikes," Warren said, "it cannot automatically be inferred that all members share their evil

• A legislative act inflicting punishment—in this case loss of union office—without court trial.

purposes or participate in their illegal activities. We do not hold today that Congress cannot weed dangerous persons out of the labor movement . . . Rather, we make again the point: that Congress must accomplish such results by rules of general applicability. It cannot specify the people upon whom the sanction it prescribes is to be levied."

The minority opinion, written by Justice Byron White, took blistering exception. "The Communist Party's illegal purpose and its domination by foreign power have already been adjudicated, both administratively and judicially," snapped White. If a Communist "must be apprehended in the act of calling one political strike in one act of disloyalty before steps can be taken to exclude him from office, there is little or nothing left of the preventive or prophylactic function" of the provision.

In any event, the U.S. now has no effective legal way of keeping Communists out of union power.

ILLINOIS

Hot & Dry

Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley was hopping mad. Just the day before, midday Loop traffic had been snarled for four hours while 500 civil rights demonstrators marched on city hall and the nearby board of education building to protest a decision to keep School Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis on the job for another 17 months. Daley got Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson on the phone, told him: "Nothing like what happened yesterday will exist today." When the demonstrators showed up, cops arrested 252 men, women and children in what may well have been the opening round of a racially troublesome summer for Chicago.

Once lauded as an able, effective administrator, Willis has lately found him-



COMMUNIST BROWN & LAWYER
Prove afterwards, or prevent?

self the target of civil rights groups, who charge that he has pursued a go-slow policy in integrating the city's 550 public schools and has gerrymandered school districts in order to promote *de facto* segregation. For a while it appeared that the eleven-member Chicago school board would not renew Willis' contract, which expires in August. But then, at a recent meeting, the board voted to give him another four-year contract—with the firm understanding that Willis would retire in October 1966, when he reaches 65. Even that failed to mollify the civil rights.

A citywide school boycott scheduled for last week fell through when the board's attorney got a court injunction prohibiting it. Instead, the righters marched, causing the Loop's traffic tie-up. Next day some 500 marchers lined up in two lanes on Lake Shore Drive near Soldier Field to begin the 21-mile trek to city hall. After they had gone a few hundred yards and turned into a narrower street, police ordered them to walk in only one lane. A heated argument ensued, and suddenly the marchers began sprawling across the roadway, blocking a busy intersection. Some went limp as cops carried them to waiting paddy wagons; others kicked, bit and screamed.

Among those arrested were Congress of Racial Equality Director James Farmer, Negro Comic Dick Gregory and High School Teacher Albert Raby, who organized the march. Said Raby: "We're going to see to it that it will be a long, hot summer for Daley. Every Negro who cannot march will be asked to turn on all his faucet and drain the water." That seemed an especially silly way to protest, and could lead not only to a long, hot summer for Chicago but a long, dry one as well.

At week's end 150 more demonstrators were arrested when they sat down at State and Madison streets and began chanting "Go, Ben Willis, go now! Go! Go! Go!"



CHICAGO COPS & DEMONSTRATORS
With no water will only Daley suffer?

MISSISSIPPI

A Two-Team League

Barry Goldwater may have been an unrelieved disaster for the National Republican Party, but he put the Mississippi G.O.P. back in business for the first time since Reconstruction. He won an astonishing 87% of the state's vote; at the same time, the only Republican who ran for Congress was elected, and Republican officials are still kicking themselves for not having gone after all five Mississippi seats in the House of Representatives.

Last week, in a series of municipal elections, the G.O.P. proved that its 1964 performance was not a flash in the pan. Where the party ran only two candidates in the 1961 municipal elections, this time it put up no fewer than 46—seven for mayor, 39 for lesser posts in 18 towns and cities. Sensing a threat to Democratic rule, Governor Paul Johnson urged Mississippians to the polls for "probably the most important election in this state's recent history."

When the votes were tallied, even the hopeful Republicans were surprised. They elected a city councilman in Columbus, a total of seven aldermen in four other towns. More important, they elected two mayors—the first ever in Mississippi. In Hattiesburg, Lawyer Paul Grady, 41, who lost a runoff election for mayor as a Democrat in 1961, decided he'd rather switch before fighting again, did much better as a Republican. Though Hattiesburg is the Governor's home town, Grady defeated Democratic Incumbent Claude Pittman Jr., 2,429 to 1,827. In Columbus, another Democrat-turned-Republican, City Councilman Robert D. Harmond, 54, beat Democratic Mayor William Probst, 1,394 to 1,191.

In most leagues, nine wins out of 46 would be rated an anemic average, but Mississippi has been a one-team league for so long that G.O.P. officials were elated. To Republican State Chairman Wirt Yerger Jr., an efficient organizer who has seeded all of Mississippi's 82 counties with G.O.P. workers, the party's victories represented "a history-making breakthrough, particularly because they were at the grass-roots level." Next year, added Yerger, the G.O.P. will try for all of Mississippi's congressional seats, and will even contest Veteran Senator James O. Eastland's. Said Yerger: "We think Eastland is vulnerable."

NEW YORK

Who v. Lindsay?

Three weeks ago New York City's Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner, challenged for a fourth term by Republican Congressman John Lindsay, let it be known that he might not even try for re-election. Hardly anyone believed him—but almost everyone agreed that the mayor's prolonged period of indecision was fine publicity; it certainly had the effect of pushing Candidate Lindsay off Page One.

Last week Bob Wagner, 55, sum-

moned newsmen to City Hall to announce his plans. And to the astonishment of all, he said that he would not run again for mayor. Declared he: "My decision is final and irrevocable." Brushing tears from his eyes, he recalled that he had promised his wife Susan, during his 1961 campaign, that his next term as mayor would be his last. Susan's death from cancer last year, Wagner said, had reinforced his determination to spend more time with his two sons, one "on the very threshold of manhood, the other soon approaching that state." Beside him on the City Hall dais stood Duncan 18, a pre-school senior, in a sports coat and chinos, and Robert Jr., 21, who will graduate from Harvard this week, in a dark suit. "They have a claim upon me for companionship and counsel which I must now grant," Wagner said.

started forming. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., boosted by the endorsement of Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell, said he was available—"if the right people ask me." Behind Roosevelt stood City Council President Paul R. Serevane, Comptroller Abraham D. Beame, Queens District Attorney Frank D. O'Connor and Manhattan District Attorney Frank S. Hogan.

Post the Point. The effect of Wagner's withdrawal upon the candidacy of Republican Lindsay was open to conjecture. No longer would Lindsay have tired Bob Wagner to use as a whipping boy and his administration as a target. Still, New York City Democrats, who outnumber Republicans by more than 3 to 1, have grown accustomed to Wagner, and most of them undoubtedly would have voted for him again. Richard Nixon, just at a guess,

EDWARD WOLSTEN—THE NEW YORK TIMES



WAGNER SAYING NO TO RACE NO. 4

Tears for a remembered promise.

"I have some obligations to myself, too," he added, fanning rumors that he will marry Socialite Barbara Cavanagh, 36, sister of New York's deputy mayor, Edward F. Cavanagh Jr.

Off on Onion. Wagner also expressed the fear that he might go stale in another four years. With considerable candor, he acknowledged that "perhaps it is time for a change—for me as well as for the city." He confessed: "Some of the more routine duties which were once tolerable enough now became drudgery. While I continued to respond to each day's major challenges, I caught myself feeling that four more years would be four more years of the same thing." Earlier in the week, Wagner had described the demands of the job: "The working hours run from dawn to dusk and well into the dawn again. If there were twice as many hours in the day, the work still wouldn't get done. The solution of every problem brings to light two other problems. It is like peeling the layers off an onion."

Within hours after Wagner's announcement, the line of applicants

figured that Wagner's decision increased Lindsay's chances by 25%.

Lindsay, meanwhile, continued the sidewalk campaigning that he is convinced will bring him victory. Said he: "I know of no other way to do it. It will be a road full of thorns, full of sweat and toil, and even tears." Behind the scenes, he searched for big-name Democrats and Liberals to run with him on a broad-based fusion ticket.

But Bob Wagner had passed the point of having to worry about such things. He had said he was stepping down, and he meant it. He seemed hardly to care that Bobby Kennedy, with whom his relationship has been cool, would now try to step in as undisputed leader of the party in New York. Wagner's financial future was assured, if only because he is eligible for a sizable pension as a result of his many years as a public servant. While other Democrats fight it out, first against each other and then against Lindsay, Wagner will be able to sit back, presumably in the company of his sons and his new wife, and enjoy the spectacle.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Return of the Generals

It was progress of a sort. Most of the nine previous changes in Saigon's government were spawned by jealous generals and accompanied by the rumble of tanks. Last week, as the four-month-old civilian government of Premier Phan Huy Quat turned power back to the military, the only signs of crisis were the gleaming limousines of the generals and a slight increase in the number of marines patrolling Saigon's rain-wet streets. Even when the turnover was finally effected, little had changed on the surface: both Quat and his antagonist, Chief of State Phan Khac Suu, remained in office as "caretakers" for the generals.

Quat had been forced by a crippling Cabinet crisis to call the generals back into politics—and they returned only with the greatest of reluctance. For nearly three weeks, Catholic extremists and elements of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects had demanded Quat's resignation, charging him with persecution of religious and national minorities, and conspiring with "French colonialists" to neutralize South Viet Nam. When Quat tried to reshuffle his Cabinet, Suu, who backed Quat's foes, vetoed the shifts. The Catholics took to the streets, and Quat feared that he might soon be faced with madness comparable to the Buddhist riots that led to Ngo Dinh Diem's downfall in 1963. At midweek he called on the country's 19 top generals to "mediate" the crisis.

After huddling secretly for two days, the generals called in Quat, Suu and the legislature for a marathon harangue. For three hours, under Suu's nominal chairmanship, nearly every important figure in South Viet Nam's political and military life argued, discussed, threatened and cajoled in an attempt to resolve the crisis. "If the Premier can't even name two ministers to his Cabinet," raged one of them, "he certainly can't hope to run the government." Quat could only concur. Angry, the generals reminded the politicians of the heavy losses that their troops had sustained during the very weeks in which the government sat paralyzed by petty quarrels.

Finally, everyone agreed that winning the war was South Viet Nam's first priority, and that a military takeover stood the best chance of advancing that objective. Quat and Suu were formally ousted, then reappointed to head the government. The National Legislative Council was dissolved; now the two civilian chiefs were responsible directly to the military. At week's end, the generals were still busying themselves with the shape of the new regime. As one participant put it: "We are starting with a blank sheet of paper."

Those Who Must Die

Dongxoi was buttoning up for the night. A few hundred yards down the road from the tiny district capital, 55 miles north of Saigon, 24 U.S. seabees and soldiers were resting after a hard day's work building a Special Forces

fort. Suddenly the radio in the darkened home of the district chief crackled, and a sentry on Dongxoi's unfinished air-strip blurted: "The Viet Cong are all over." In an instant, everything came unbuttoned: Communist mortar fire sent hot shrapnel up the village streets, recoilless-rifle shells slammed home, the night air buzzed with bullets. Then out of the ground fog swarmed wave upon wave of Viet Cong shock troops—some clad incongruously in breechcloths and steel helmets, all armed either with grenades, automatic rifles or Chinese flamethrowers.

The defenders fell back on a wall and wire-bound compound as the Viet Cong slaughtered women and children hiding in nearby dugouts. Though U.S. and North Vietnamese planes arrived with the dawn, rolling great red gouts of napalm through the Communist positions and lacing the underbrush with white phosphorus and cannon fire, the Viet Cong hung on. A relief force fluttered in by helicopter, but was quickly pinned down and wiped out by the attackers. Other chopper-borne rescuers were driven off by ground fire. Dongxoi seemed ready to fall.

Deadly Draw. Then, in a bold gamble, Army Brigadier General Cao Van Vien, commander of South Viet Nam's III Corps, employed the rarest of weapons in the Saigon arsenal: imagination. Guessing that the Viet Cong had already overrun the protected jungle clearings where relief helicopters could be expected to land, Vien sent 40 choppers loaded with troops swooping suddenly onto a soccer field adjacent to the defenders' compound. Before the Viet Cong could react, the bulk of the 52nd Ranger Battalion was on the ground and fighting. By the following morning, the Communist attackers had had enough. They faded like smoke into the jungle, leaving behind 700 dead. The defenders' toll was terrible too: at least 108 dead (including 18 Americans), 46 wounded, 126 missing and presumed dead. Along the defense perimeter lay twelve disembowled children. An American, his body as black and twisted as a burnt match, sprawled among the debris in the Special Forces camp, his dog tags soldered to his bones and his charred pet monkey clinging, even in death, to his back. The Dongxoi church was cluttered with severed heads; bodies of South Vietnamese soldiers used as human shields lay bound and eviscerated.

Relief troops arriving to press the retreating Viet Cong looked around, vomited, then ate their rice and moved out. Marching through the monsoon rain past giant anthills and through a sepulchral rubber plantation, they came on the rolling field where the first relief force had been surrounded and wiped



RELIEF TROOPS ENTERING DONGXOI IN RAIN
For some, bravery the hard way.



LIEUT. COMMANDER CHAU



MARINE MAJOR LUONG

For others, a bone-deep fatigue and no real hope.



OUTPOST AT TANLONG

out. Sixty bodies lay beneath the bright green trees, while wounded flapped like broken butterflies.

Dongxoa was another savage battle in an ever more savage war and, as usual, neither side could claim a clear-cut victory. But the deadly draw at Dongxoa last week proved one thing beyond dispute: when he has to, the South Vietnamese fighting man will stand and die with the bravest. No matter what the ultimate U.S. ground role in Viet Nam becomes, it is the forces of Saigon that will carry the brunt of the battle—and of the dying. To that extent, victory or defeat rests in the hands of South Viet Nam's 580,000 soldiers, sailors, marines, airmen, and militiamen. Who are they, and how well do they perform?

The Regulars. Most impressive are the regular ground forces, consisting of the 227,000-man Army of the Republic of Viet Nam (A.R.V.N.) and the 6,500-man Marine Corps. Best of the lot: the airborne brigade, whose six battalions are kept in reserve to cool hot spots all over the country. Airborne officers adhere to the old French traditions of never firing their side arms in combat and never taking cover under enemy attack. As one Australian veteran, watching them in action last week, remarked: "They're bloody good troopers, but they tend to solve every tactical problem by charging."

Running a close second to the airborne brigade in fighting effectiveness are the marines—formerly the Tonkinese Commandos, as the French chose to call them. Currently the pride of the marines is Major Nguyen The Luong, 32, known to his American counterparts as "Laughing Larry." A slender little man with a nervous giggle, Laughing Larry wears a chestful of decorations (including Viet Nam's Medal of Honor) and scars from a Viet Cong 60-mm. mortar shell. His 3rd Marine Battalion was the only group involved in the disaster at Quangngai (TIME,

June 11) to emerge in good shape. Larry kept his casualties down by constantly moving his men back and forth along the barbed-wire lip of a water-filled moat to avoid Red mortars. In the interim they killed 200 Viet Cong—including a battalion commander carrying plans that pointed out Red buildup zones, supply areas, aid stations and reserve locations.

Laughing Larry Luong fights the Viet Cong because he is a professional soldier, and also because the Communists killed his peasant father by dragging him across a thorny durian patch, then burying him up to his neck for several days before decapitating him. Larry customarily shoots Viet Cong prisoners, giggling the while, not because he is cruel, but because he knows that if he hands them over to local authorities, they would only be released to rejoin the Communists.

The Militiamen. Largest and longest-suffering of Saigon's forces is the paramilitary, which takes an estimated 65% of South Viet Nam's annual casualties. Paramilitary duty is also the loneliest and dreariest, since the militiamen—Popular Forces (150,000 men), Regional Forces (105,000), Federal Police (50,000) and Civilian Irregular Defense Group (15,000)—are primarily guards in back-country hogs infested by the Viet Cong. They are the first to be hit.

A typical militia outpost is Tanlong, some 20 miles southeast of Saigon. At night the capital's lights loom on the horizon, but none of the 14 men on duty can afford to look at them: the Viet Cong snipe constantly. The Tanlong outpost consists of six foxholes, all half-full of slimy water. A mortar pit, with its precious weapon covered carefully in canvas, stands near by, flanked by four ancient Vietnamese graves whose massive headstones provide the outpost's only cover.

In the evening, before the Communists begin shooting, the voices of men,

women and children in Longthu village, just 1,000 yards away, drift clearly over the paddyfields to Tanlong. This is the toughest part of the day for Corporal Bui Van Tu, at 40 the oldest member of the platoon. Submachine-Gunner Tu's wife and two children live in Longthu, and half of his \$34-a-month pay goes to keep them in rice. Tu has not had any leave since the three days off he got in 1963, sees his family only once every five weeks. But Tu is philosophical about it. "We had to choose one side or another," he explains candidly, "and we chose the government side. It's too late to change even if we wanted to."

The Airmen. Most rapidly growing of Saigon's military arms is the Vietnamese air force. Two years ago, it mustered 6,000 men and 185 aircraft—many of them ancient T-28 trainers converted to fighter-bombers. Today the air force has 12,500 men and 350 planes. The T-28s have been phased out and replaced by the A-1H Skyraider attack bomber, a brute of a plane that pilots fondly call "a truck—but what a truck!" The air force's primary mission is to fly close support for the army, and, operating in close cooperation with U.S. pilots, it has developed in Asia's second best air force (only Nai valist China's is better equipped and better trained) under the flamboyant leadership of Air Boss Nguyen Cao Ky, who regularly flies strikes in his Skyraider.

Ky's stamp is clearly visible on the 83rd Detachment at Saigon's Tansong airbase. Like their commander, the 83rd's pilots wear black flying suits with purple scarves. They call themselves *Than Phong* ("divine wind," the translation of the Japanese "kamikaze" of World War II). Boss of the 83rd is Hanoi-born Major Luu Kim Cuong, at 32 a 13-year veteran of Viet Nam's long war, and a confidant of Ky's. Cuong has logged more than 8,300 flying hours, taught himself to

fly the Skyraider in a mere three days. He flew behind Ky in the first raid on North Viet Nam last February, returned with six holes in his plane. "I never look at the ground fire," he says. "If you do, you lose the target. And, to be truthful, I do not like to think about ground fire."

The Sailors. Strangest of South Viet Nam's services is the navy, whose duty it is to patrol 1,000 miles of cove-pocked coastline and almost 3,500 miles of inland waterways—rivers, creeks, canals, irrigation ditches and tidal bayous. In the flat, checkered Mekong Delta, waterways have been the main routes of travel for centuries. The 9,000 officers and men of South Viet Nam's navy keep these arteries open with 600 curious vessels, ranging from sampans and junks to converted landing craft. Armed with 20- and 40-mm. cannon, heavy machine guns, even 81-mm. mortars, the squat boats are practically floating tanks, and the Viet Cong have a healthy fear of them.

The Communists have special respect for Lieut. Commander Nguyen Thanh Chau, 32, and his 25th River Assault Group, flotilla of gunboats headquartered at Cantho, 100 miles southwest of Saigon, but ranging through the whole delta. Born in the delta district, Chau knows every bridge, every bend in the waterways, every likely crossing point for Communist guerrillas. Chau prefers to conduct his fire fights with the Reds from the bridge of his command ship, a gunned-up LCM. "It's too hot below," says he, "and you can't see anything." Over the past year, Chau has lost only two boats, five men killed and eight wounded. By contrast, in a recent afternoon Chau's guns killed 33 Viet Cong. Chau himself took a bullet through the leg. He was back from the hospital in a week, on crutches and ready for action.

The Effects of Despair. In terms of overall performance, South Viet Nam's military establishment cannot be rated as anything better than middling. After all, it has neither won nor approached victory in eleven years of existence. Many units break and run in battle, as did the 39th Ranger Battalion earlier this year. The 39th became known as "the roadrunners." But during the Quangnai fight—"the roadrunners" stood their ground on a conical hill called Nuitran. There 108 of them were wiped out, erasing in the process the slur on their battalion's name.

What are the faults of the South Vietnamese fighting man and how can they be corrected? The biggest problem, all observers agree, is leadership. Few field-grade officers are selected for know-how and courage; too many are chosen on the basis of family or political connections. Even officers with physical courage (and there are many) live under the fear that they will fall victim to the constant search for scapegoats by their superiors. Best way to avoid

this: stay away from the fortunes—and misfortunes—of battle.

But even when they have good leadership, South Vietnamese soldiers are often too tired to fight. Many of them have been on line ten or 20 years without respite. As one retired army general put it: "It's impossible to understand the kind of fatigue a man feels after that much combat. It gets down deep into your bones and leaves you with no real hope." A side effect of that despair cropped up after the U.S. began its strikes to the North in February. Army desertions rose to more than 5,000, and paramilitary absenteeism jumped four times that high. The reason: South Vietnamese believed that U.S. airpower alone would win the war; hence, they were no longer needed. But

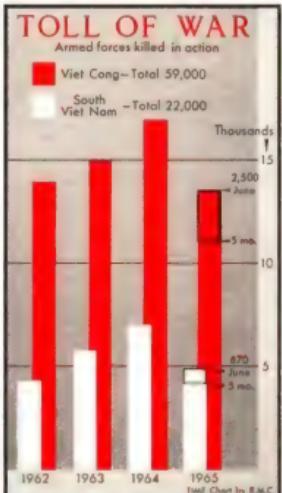
EUROPE

The Necessary Guest

When the Franco-German treaty of perpetual friendship was signed 23 years ago, it seemed only fitting that it stipulate biennial, home-and-home visits for the two heads of state. As it has turned out, the treaty has been marked by almost perpetual discord since its inception, and French and German views on everything from NATO and European unity to attitudes toward the Soviet Union and the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam have increasingly diverged. Last week German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard received French President Charles de Gaulle in Bonn as the treaty prescribes—but De Gaulle clearly went only to do his duty, and Erhard plainly regarded the Frenchman only as a necessary guest.

Even before he arrived, in fact, De Gaulle contrived to show his disdain for Erhard's hopes for a united Europe and slap the German's warm support for the U.S. in Viet Nam. "We do not want a supranational Europe," sniffed De Gaulle at the annual Elysee garden party for parliamentarians. "For us, that would be to want to disappear." When someone suggested that the U.S. had been formed by a kind of supranational fusion, De Gaulle delivered one of his little historical lectures. "America was virgin territory," he said. "All that was there for the pioneers was the bones of the redskins they had knocked off. And that did not stop them from having a civil war, which is still going on." As for Viet Nam, said the general, "the Americans, who've got their dirty affair going in Viet Nam with their tanks and their trucks and their airplanes, have got to realize they're not alone in the world with the Soviet Union. When they realize that, it will be better, because we have nothing against them."

With that gratuity, De Gaulle was off to Bonn the next morning. He was given a carefully correct greeting at Wahn Airport from an Erhard bolstered by his recent warm reception in Washington. But conspicuously absent were the festoons of flags and the cheering crowds that marked De Gaulle's first triumphal appearance in Bonn in 1962. Still, with national elections looming this year for them both, De Gaulle and Erhard tacitly agreed to disagree without visible image-damaging acrimony. For his part, Erhard agreed to leave open for the time being any increase in the Common Market's control over the Six's farm financing policies—a creeping tide of supranationalism De Gaulle is anxious to arrest. De Gaulle in turn consented to a vague agreement to consider a summit conference of the six Common Market heads of state this year to discuss European political organization. Under the circumstances, it was, as a German spokesman put it, "a good result."



when the Viet Cong stepped up their attacks at the beginning of the monsoon season, many of the deserters returned. The army's AWOL level alone has dropped to 3,200.

For all their failings, the South Vietnamese are still killing nearly three Viet Cong for every loss of their own (see chart). And despite the grim headlines about Quangnai and Dongxouai, the Reds have yet to capture and hold a district or provincial capital for more than a few hours. What South Viet Nam's fighting men need is relief, however momentary, to shed the fatigue and despair of too much combat. Only the U.S. and its allies can provide that respite. When they do, the leadership and combativeness exemplified by Corporal Tu and Laughing Larry Luong, Major Cuong and Lieut. Commander Chau, may well exert themselves in every service.

FRANCE

In Quest of Unity

Not the least of Charles de Gaulle's gifts to France is the unprecedented six years of political stability provided by his Fifth Republic. De Gaulle is hardly reluctant to remind his country of the fact, making frequent and scornful references to the "parties of yesteryear" and the "kaleidoscope of governments" that preceded him. It is all pretty galling to the traditionally splintered parties of French democracy, which feel certain that there must be more to politics than simply a perpetual majority for *le grand Charles*.

Only in unity can the Gaullist opposition ever regain real strength, and the man who best understands this fact is the Socialist mayor of Marseille, Gaston Defferre, the first prominent Frenchman to challenge De Gaulle in the presidential elections next December. With little to lose because he stands so little chance of winning, Defferre last week was engaged in a chancy but possibly historic effort to bring together in a grand federation the Socialists and the center-left parties of France—most notably the Christian Democrats of the *Mouvement Républicain Populaire* (M.R.P.).

Equal Disdain. Defferre faced formidable obstacles, both within his party and among the potential federation partners. France's anticlerical Socialists have always distrusted the Christian Democrats, in the past have sided instinctively with the Communists when it came to a choice between Reds and bourgeoisie. For their part, the M.R.P. and the centrists, recalling the prewar Popular Front, have looked with equal disdain on the Socialists.

Defferre himself disavows the Reds, and so got a more sympathetic hearing from the center parties when he first approached them about a possible federation last month. What is more, M.R.P. leaders faced a growing realization among their followers that if they did not achieve some kind of unity, the Gaullist juggernaut might roll on forever. After weeks of negotiation, Defferre won cautious agreement on a charter of federation, and last week he took his case to his own party, 315 of whose delegates gathered in the Salle des Fêtes of the working-class Parisian suburb of Cléchy. It turned out to be a battle royal across the red-topped tables. Old Line Socialist Guy Mollet, the party's boss for 19 years, and other party veterans accused Defferre of trying to put "new wine into old bottles" and seeking "adventure and chimeras." Repiled Defferre: "Since the Liberation we have lost half our voters and three-quarters of our active members. Let us not allow this chance to pass."

Private Negotiation. The chance probably would have passed but for one thing: Defferre's implicit threat to withdraw as a presidential candidate unless he got his way. To nearly every-



MOLLET & DEFFERRE AT CLICHY

Yesteryear, today—and tomorrow?

one's surprise, the delegates hammered out an all-night compromise. It gave Defferre the go-ahead to negotiate with the M.R.P., provided that the federation charter propose a government takeover of private—including church—schools, and express the hope of some day "reintegrating" the Communist Party into French political life.

Then it was the M.R.P.'s turn to be surprised. The Christian Democrats had frankly not expected Defferre to win in Cléchy, and seized on Defferre's concessions on the church schools and the Communists as completely unacceptable for any federation in which they would participate. Undismayed, Defferre at week's end continued to negotiate privately with the centrists in the hope of finding a compromise that would reduce the factionalism that has so long debilitated French politics—and would provide at least the beginnings of meaningful opposition to the smothering dominance of the Gaullists.

WEST GERMANY

A Little Bit Illicit

To most Americans, the thought of European roulette conjures up visions of King Farouk squandering an Egyptian fortune at Deauville, James Bond gallantly winning one for a lissome blonde at Casino Royale, or Princess Grace and Aristotle Onassis presiding over the glittering wheels of Monte Carlo. Titillating, perhaps, but a trifle dated. The true archetype of European gambling today is the sprawling mustard-yellow casino at sleepy Bad Neuenahr on the Ahr River in West Germany. There, few of the blondes among the intense, studious crowds at the tables last week were under 50 years of age or 150 lbs. The average chip on the *schwarz* and *rot* was a two-mark piece, worth about 50¢, and the beverages were local wine, fruit juice or the neighborhood mineral water, Apollinaris, because no borgher or *Hansfrau* seemed excited enough to drown his sorrows or celebrate his winnings with *Sekt* before turning the family Volkswagen back to Bonn, Düsseldorf or Cologne.

Real Romance. Bad Neuenahr is typical because gambling, once considered a failing of the decadent aristocracy, has throughout Europe today become awesomely respectable, middle-class—and big. In Monaco, camera-toeing tourists just off tour buses from Brussels and Amsterdam clutter up the Grand Casino, while serious Monegasque students of chance clang away at the one-armed bandits lined up across the street from the elegant Hotel de Paris. In France, the postwar development of *le tivoli*, a combination racing bet and lottery, which attracts 3,000,000 Frenchmen every Sunday, has made horse-track betting the country's fifth-largest industry. And in Britain, bookies, football pools and bingo, together with the legalization in 1960 of private table clubs, part Britons from \$3 billion a year.



CASINO AT BAD NEUENahr

Respectable, middle-class and big.

Public betting pools and slot machines are common throughout Germany as well, but the real romance is still in the wheel of fortune. Explains Carl-Alexander von der Groeben, promotion manager at Bad Neuenahr: "Somehow we are still surrounded by the ancient aura of being socially elusive, and just a little bit illicit. You can see it in the face of the grocer's wife, who comes in and looks around to see if anyone there knows her."

Protestant Protest. Casinos are still illegal in Lower Saxony, North Rhine-Westphalia, Hamburg and Bremen, but the 13 licensed casinos in the rest of the country draw 1,600,000 visitors a year for a house profit of \$75 million. They flourish mostly in venerable resorts like Bad Neuenahr, Baden-Baden, Travemünde, Bad Kissingen, and Garmissch-Partenkirchen, even though the crowds are overwhelmingly big-city businessmen, secretaries, clerks and housewives, who go home peacefully after they have lost \$10 or \$15 in an evening. Protests the Protestant weekly, *Christ and World*: "The last barrier against the burning German gambling fury used to be the entrance rules. Now one can get in if he earns \$200 a month and exhibits a certain chic—which may only mean wearing a necktie." Adds Von der Groeben with obvious relief: "We haven't had a scandal since the casino opened in 1948. We have yet to hear any shots in the night, and the Ahr River is too shallow to drown yourself in."

RUSSIA

Polishing the Escutcheons

The Soviet view of history has always been that it exists only in the eye of the beholder—or at any rate, the holder of power. To fall from favor was to fall from sight—to become an "imperson," who, as far as official comment was concerned, might as well have never ex-

isted. But the post-Khrushchev leadership of Brezhnev and Kosygin seems determined to give Russians a more honest glimpse of some tarnished heroes of the past.

First to be rehabilitated was Joe Stalin himself, whom Nikita had savagely pulled down in the official myth from demigod to scapegoat-devil. Two months ago, Kremlin spokesmen raised Moscow eyebrows by giving Stalin his due for helping Russia stem the Nazi tide. Next victim to be reprieved from obscurity was Marshal Georgy Zhukov, who showed up, replete with honors and ribbons, for last month's V-E-day celebrations in Red Square. Finally, after a decade in the doghouse, the wartime chief and "father" of the Soviet navy, Admiral Nikolai G. Kuznetsov, surfaced with the publication of excerpts from his Potsdam memoirs in *Neva*. Last week Moscow revealed it was even planning to reopen the ornate marble Stalin Museum in Gori, the dictator's birthplace in Georgia, where dust has been gathering on the mementos of his "personality cult" since the museum was closed in 1957.

The new trend hardly signaled a return to Stalinism, but rather a judicious polishing of besmirched escutcheons. While crediting Stalin with victory in 1945, the Kremlin still rapped the old tyrant's knuckles for the defeats of 1941-42 and for the nation's general unpreparedness for Hitler's assault. Thus the latest issue of the Soviet Academy of Science's monthly journal notes that one reason Hitler was able to surprise Moscow was that Stalin ignored "detailed" reports from Soviet intelligence; moreover, his security police "instead of fighting the real enemies of the state, were used for entirely different purposes"—meaning Stalin's personal reign of terror over his own citizens. Nor do Zhukov or Kuznetsov get off scot-free: Zhukov has not been cleared of what Khrushchev called his "Bonapartism"

tendencies to put the army outside party control, nor has Kuznetsov been absolved of his temerity in opposing Khrushchev's emphasis on submarine over surface ships.

What the new leadership seems to want is to make Soviet history respectable by recognizing that even the best of Communists can make mistakes. As one Soviet historian puts it: "We must write in such a way that we need not burn with shame in ten years' time." In this spirit, Brezhnev and Kosygin have ordered both the party's history and the official six-volume history of World War II to be rewritten and made "more objective."

MIDDLE EAST

The Storm Troopers

Wearing the red garb of a condemned man, a young Arab housepainter named Mahmud Hejazi last week waited nervously in Israel's Ramla jail for the decision that could send him to the gallows. Young Hejazi was the first member of a little-known organization called Asifa (Storm Troopers) to be captured by the Israeli authorities. He was recently tried by a court-martial, found guilty of sabotage and sentenced to death.

Asifa is the military arm of a group called El Fatah, which is a reverse acronym standing for the Arabic words Harakat Tahrir Falastin (Movement for the Liberation of Palestine). By itself, El Fatah means "Conquest." One of El Fatah's top leaders is Haj Amin Hussein, the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. Since the first of the year, Asifa claims to have made 13 raids into Israel to commit acts of "strategic sabotage," that is, the dynamiting of reservoirs and kibbutz buildings.

Disregard for Nasser. Asifa's membership is under 200 and limited to Palestinian Arabs between 20 and 30 years of age. Each volunteer takes an oath, on the Bible if a Christian, on the Koran if a Moslem, that he will 1) be on an alert status 24 hours a day, 2) tell no one of his activities and 3) never discuss a mission he has been on. Asifa is typical of other terrorist groups in that its members are organized into small cells, and only the cell leader has contact with one man in the echelon above him. Thus, if an Asifa agent is captured, he can provide little information about his fellows.

Asifa's irregulars operate mainly out of Jordan, Lebanon and Syria. They have close links with the year-old Palestine Liberation Organization, which, with the endorsement of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, has raised and trained a 7,000-man army, helped by millions of dollars in cash contributions extracted from the 1,750,000 Palestinian Arabs scattered throughout the Arab world. But unlike P.I.O., Asifa takes orders from no Arab government. Asifa leaders are contemptuous of Nasser's recent warning to the Arab world against involvement in a premature war with



MARSHAL ZHUKOV



LIMBO

The fame you shame may be your own.



ASIFA TERRORIST HEJAZI
Out to start a war.

Israel. A man close to Asifa said, "Liberating Palestine is the business of Palestinians, not of Nasser. Seventeen years of talk have got us nowhere. We are going to act, regardless of what Nasser wants."

No 2? In making its raids into Israeli territory, Asifa is aided by an underground group among Israel's own 250,000 Palestinian Arabs called El Ard (the Land). Members of El Ard act as guides for Asifa raiders, supply military intelligence and provide hideouts. Though few in numbers, Asifa could succeed in plunging the Arab world into a probably disastrous war with Israel. The former Israeli military commander, General Moshe Dayan, is one of those urging his nation to launch a preventive attack while the Arab states are torn by dissension and 50,000 Egyptian troops tied down in the Yemen civil war.

Israel's mood may well be indicated by what it does about the condemned Asifa prisoner Hejazi. Under the law, an appeal for clemency to President Zalman Shazar is mandatory. Nine years ago, three Arab saboteurs were sentenced to death, but the penalty was commuted to life imprisonment. In fact, the only man ever hanged in Israel was Nazi War Criminal Adolf Eichmann. Last week Israel's dilemma was whether or not to make Mahmud Hejazi the second.

EAST AFRICA

You Can Go Home Again

Back home to Peking last week, well ahead of schedule, flew Red China's Premier Chou En-lai. His original intention, after a "friendly visit" fortnight ago with Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere, had been to spend three weeks visiting other African leaders, ending his tour with a final appearance at the Afro-Asian Conference of nonaligned nations on June 29 in Algiers. Then, at a rally in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania's capital, he declared that "an exceedingly favorable situation for revolution pre-

vails not only in Africa, but also in Asia and Latin America."

That might have been the thing to say a few years ago, but it's not very popular in Africa now. The continent's leaders, once strong for revolution, are now well aware whose heads would roll the next time around. Chinese diplomats in Dar es Salaam, trying discreetly to recruit the Premier's next host, found that Guinea's Sékou Touré felt that a visit from Chou at this time might be "inconvenient." Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah was "too busy." Uganda, Zambia, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Nigeria were also not interested.

Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, who last month intercepted eleven truckloads of Chinese weapons being smuggled from Tanzania to Uganda (TIME, June 4), was least interested of all. In unmistakably tart tones an official Kenya government communiqué declared: "It is not clear to the Kenya government what type or form of revolution the Chinese Prime Minister has in mind. But the Kenya government wishes it to be known that Kenya intends to avert all revolutions irrespective of their origins or whether they come from inside or outside."

Chou's only consolation was that, two days after he left, Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya announced that the East African shilling, established when the countries were under British rule, will be abandoned, with the end of the three-nation Common Market expected to follow. Prime instigator of the breakup was Tanzania, which has had its own currency printed for more than a year, and which wants to embargo imports from Kenya and so end the unfavorable trade balance it has traditionally had with its more highly developed neighbor. In order to do so, Tanzania apparently plans to import the bulk of its goods instead from Red China under aid agreements, and shops in Dar es Salaam last week were already displaying Chinese-made bicycles, canned mandarin oranges, and radios.

MOROCCO

A Royal Premier

When he feels the need to meditate, King Hassan goes to the mountains. He was there last week, at Ifrane, in a grey stone palace surrounded by ilex trees, where he could picnic with friends beside a brook or cast March brown flies to the rainbow trout flashing in the clear water.

What was bothering Hassan was the state of the nation, which was dreadful. Business was stagnant. Half the Moroccan work force was underemployed, and one man in ten had no work at all. In the largest city, Casablanca, student mobs last March battled police and soldiers and ran up a death toll of 200. Foreign reserves were dangerously low, while inflation soared, and crates of furniture clogged the docksides as some 40,000 exasperated foreigners prepared



KING HASSAN

Back with a stern announcement.

to leave for good. In Parliament, half a dozen political parties bickered endlessly—in two years of debating, the House of Representatives has managed to pass only four laws.

At last Hassan came down from the mountains and sat at a mahogany desk in his Rabat palace to announce his decision over a nationwide broadcast. "The country cries out for a strong, stable government," he declared, proclaiming an end—or at least suspension—to Morocco's unique two-year experiment in democracy. With that, Hassan sent the police around to lock the doors of Parliament, then fired the fumbling coalition government of Premier Ahmed Bahlani.

Next day Hassan formed a new Cabinet of 20 ministers with himself as Premier and pledged "resolute action" and "radical change." Though notably lacking in austerity himself, Hassan was prepared to impose it upon the nation, as well as a new budget and a new three-year plan. He promised new national elections and a return to "efficient parliamentary life"—some time also in the future.

Only the hidebound Istiqlal Party opposed the royal move, and its objections were, typically, embedded in a 3,000-word communiqué that was both verbose and confused. The other parties, mostly leftist and vaguely socialist, backed the King with a few reservations, because they were sympathetic to the idea of authoritarian rule. Speaking for the financial community, Casablanca's daily Maroc-Informations said that businessmen "will be able to talk cogently with men of real authority now that the parliamentary masquerade is ended."

All King Hassan need do now is create national unity, stability and prosperity, something that has eluded every government since Morocco won its independence from France nine years ago.

COMMENCEMENT 1965: The Generational Conflict

COLLEGE seniors across the U.S. were uncharacteristically silent. The vast captive audience was once again listening (more or less) to the captive but willing speakers. "We're not responsible in the executive branch for anything at home or abroad just now," said Vice President Hubert Humphrey. "Now is the time we all go to commencements." Humphrey, who spoke at six, was considerably busier than President Johnson, who spoke at four, notably about peace. At George Washington University, Secretary of State Dean Rusk defended the Administration's policy in Viet Nam. At West Point, General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, declared that the global mess was "not hopeless," while at Long Island University, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall sounded pretty hopeless about the urban mess. At the University of Iowa, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz remarked that "commencement speakers have a good deal in common with grandfather clocks: standing usually some six feet tall, typically ponderous in construction, more traditional than functional, their distinction is largely their noisy communication of essentially commonplace information."

Whether noisy or quiet, at least one thing differentiated the speakers this year. Where they once used to stride along roads (long), sail oceans (uncharted), or climb mountains (lofty), they are now in orbit (dizzying). Said Emmett Dedmon, executive editor of the Chicago Sun-Times, at George Williams College: "May the explosions of your generation cut as clean as those which freed the capsule of Gemini IV from the booster engines. Whatever his fellow editors might think of that particular metaphor, Dedmon stated the dominant theme of the 1965 commencement speeches: the "explosions" of the younger generation.

Nostalgia & Anti-Nostalgia

Commencement clichés, like their Fourth of July counterparts, deserve a certain affection: they express a deep desire for ceremony and remembrance. Behind the tritest phrase, there is sometimes a desperate attempt to reach across the unbridgeable gap and tell the young what age and experience have taught. In that sense Polonius was the model commencement speaker ("To thine own self be true").

Often, today's gowned Polonius ends up speaking only to himself and to his own generation, confessing his own failures or omissions or hopes, and interpreting the world in his own image. Peter Schrag, an official of Amherst College, has catalogued some of the inevitable themes, including the Simple Uplift Speech, which stresses the need for renewed moral vigor, basic virtue and profound verities, along with the Inverted Uplift Speech, which stresses the lack of moral vigor, basic virtue and profound verities. Then there is the Aching Anywhere Appeal ("Anywhere needs your help; the Anywheres are starving; their country is in ferment; world leadership depends on saving Anywhere").

Certain other types could be added to the Schrag list, for instance the Nostalgia Oration, which holds that things were much better (or anyway simpler) in the speaker's youth, and the Anti-Nostalgia Oration, which holds that things are much better (or anyway more exciting) today. Of major importance is the *Nostra Culpa* Theme: "We made a mess of things, and it is up to you the young, to do better." Hardly anyone dares to strike the opposite note: "We did pretty well, and you'll be damn fortunate if you keep up with us."

No one any longer speaks in praise of success as such, let alone financial success—although Columbia Professor Louis Milic, a specialist in rhetoric, thinks that if a speaker some day were to exhort graduates to make money "it would be a real show stopper." In most speeches, God seems to be a rather fading presence—except at religious institutions. Duty is rarely invoked, and certainly not with the confidence of Harvard President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, who in 1917

severely told future officers: "See that your men have reason to respect you." Politically too, things have become more complicated since Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in 1919 made graduates beware of schemes that purport "to make men happy in a moment" and added: "I do not fear Bolshevism but I regard Bolsheviks as simple criminalists."

Since World War II, two themes have been dominant. One is the Progress Gap: "Our moral progress lags far behind our technical progress." The other is the Conformity Crisis: "In this age of centralized power and vast organization, you must remain individuals." But where a decade ago the silent generation was urged to make itself heard, where a few years ago the heat generation was suspected of not being concerned with serious issues, the present generation is highly audible and riotously concerned. The old picture of anxious youth going forth into a hostile world has been reversed. It now looks more like hostile youth going forth into an anxious world—a world not sure what to expect from them.

Alienation & Freedom

Troubled by the "campus revolt," some speakers tried to outplay it through the flattery gambit. President James Hester of N.Y.U. saluted the graduates as "the generation of hope." Others used the sympathetic approach; at Maine's Nasson College, Bel Kaufmann, author of the bestselling *Up the Down Staircase*, pitied the young because they "no longer have heroes to emulate or rebel against. We have the non-hero acting out his non-deed on the giant stage of the absurd." One speaker simply counterattacked by telling the young that they are not as smart as they think they are. Said Dean Bayless Manning of Stanford Law: "You are already threatened by intellectual obsolescence."

The University of California's President Clark Kerr spoke at Berkeley, where much of the student unrest started; it would all be forgotten, said Kerr rather comfortably, by the time the class of '65 held its 50th reunion. At Tufts, Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach declared that he was all for protest as long as it was meaningful, but "it becomes pointless, silly and even harmful when it serves only as a substitute for goldfish swallowing or a panty raid." Katzenbach cautioned against forming rigid convictions on insufficient evidence, and recalled Oliver Cromwell's words to the Church of Scotland: "My brethren, I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mistaken." Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy sounded less patient when he remarked at Notre Dame that "often the least learned make the most noise."

There were the familiar complaints about the computerized life. Poet James Dickey warned at California's San Fernando Valley State College that, on the edge of the "anonymous modern abyss, you must develop your private brimminess, your strategies, your ruses, your delightful and desperate games of inner survival, whether they take the form of Batman comics or whistling Handel's *Water Music*, enabling you to live perpetually at the edge but very much on your own ground." It was Yale's President Kingman Brewster who perhaps best expressed the mood of the commencement speakers. After warning against "the self-pity now popularly dubbed alienation," he praised the students' concern for social justice, but reminded them that "the ugliness of the radical" is no different from the "ugliness of the reactionary." Both share "the sin of arrogance," which is freedom's enemy. He concluded by revising Barry Goldwater's famous campaign dictum: "Intolerance in the name of freedom is no virtue; patience in the name of justice is no vice."

Were the young listening? Probably not. The last word may belong to the student speaker at Yale who some time ago summed up the situation with a cliché of his own: "We are the leaders of tomorrow—how does that grab you?"



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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Salt in the Sugar

From a sugar mill in Oriente province last week, the image of Cuba's most persistent TV performer flickered onto the island's screens. As cameras caught his every move, Fidel Castro filled and stitch-closed a bag of sugar, symbolizing the end of the 1965 harvest. He then faced his audience with the best economic news in his six-year rule. This year's sugar harvest had reached 6,000,000 tons—a 60% gain since 1964 and a return to the crops produced before the Communists seized power in Cuba. "This was a decisive year," cried Castro. "Nothing can stop us now."

What Comes Naturally. U.S. intelligence has little reason to doubt Castro's figures. However, he was not reporting any economic miracle. The fact is that Cuba's Communists decided to concentrate on sugar simply because they failed at everything else. When Castro first took over in 1959, he scorned the country's traditionally sugar-based economy as a mere device for capitalist exploitation, and embarked on a drive for immediate industrialization. The grandiose plans never got off the ground, chiefly because of mismanagement and lack of funds. In the meantime, Cuba's sugar crops dwindled to nearly half the old yield, and Castro fell deeper into debt to his Iron Curtain partners.

Two years ago, the Russians tartly advised Castro to forget about factories and return to what Cuba could produce: sugar. All of a sudden, the whole island was mobilized, as Fidel said, to "win the harvest battle." Peasants who had been sent away to factory jobs were brought back as cane planters and cutters, swelling the work force from 150,000 to 200,000. Another



U.S.'S BUNKER (SECOND, LEFT) & OAS COLLEAGUES AT PROVINCIAL HEARING
More than patience can bear.

70,000 "volunteers" were pressed into service. Pictures of Castro himself wielding a machete flooded the country. Even so, it took two years, plus an exceptionally mild and dry spring, to reach the 6,000,000-ton level.

Marking Up, Pricing Down. How much of a genuine lift the big crop will give Cuba's staggering economy is debatable. Most of the sugar is already earmarked for Castro's Communist partners, leaving little for the world market. Of the total, 3,300,000 tons will go to Russia, Red China and other Communist countries at a price Castro claims to be "something over 6¢ per lb." This trade is strictly barter, and the Russians are notorious for their markups. Compared with what they would pay in the West, the Eastern European satellites shell out 5% more for Russian crude oil, 66% more for coke, 36% more for lead. Experts believe that Castro takes a similar beating.

As for the rest of the sugar, Castro will need to use about 1,500,000 tons (at 3¢ per lb.) to pay for buses from Britain, locomotives from France, ships from Spain. Domestic consumption will take 400,000 tons. That leaves 800,000 tons that he can sell on the world market. The trouble there is that so many people are producing so much sugar that the price has tumbled from 12¢ a lb. to 2¢ a lb. in 19 months. Altogether, in sales and barter with the free world, Castro can raise only about \$145 million this year—hardly a bonanza, considering that Cuba got about \$275 million for a smaller crop last year.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC The Broken Record

The three-man OAS peace commission sat behind a hotel-dining room table in the provincial Dominican city of Santiago de los Caballeros, and for nearly five hours listened patiently to a stream of attorneys, labor leaders, businessmen, doctors, politicians and housewives. Some supported the loyalist cause of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras, firmly in command of 95% of the country; others pleaded for

Rebel Leader Colonel Francisco Caamaño Denó, insisting, "We are not Communists." At last the OAS team departed—to start again in another town. "It's all beginning to sound like a broken record," sighed the U.S.'s Ellsworth Bunker.

As the crisis went into its eighth week, the stumbling block was still Caamaño, whose 3,000 well-armed rebels have fortified their square mile of downtown Santo Domingo into a miniature Stalingrad. If anything, Caamaño was noisier than before. "Those who believe that time can weaken us are mistaken," he stormed in one movie-house speech. Up went the shouts: "Assassins!" "Traitors!" "Out with the Yanquis!" "If necessary," continued Caamaño, "we will write a page that our people will never forget."

To all suggestions that both he and Imbert step aside in favor of OAS-supervised elections, Caamaño answered with a flat no. The most he would do was appoint a six-man team to talk to the OAS. On the rebel team, interestingly enough, was Antonio Guzmán, who was once regarded as a possible neutral choice to head an interim government. The rebel demands made most of the negotiations academic: 1) restoration of the 1963 constitution written under deposed President Juan Bosch, 2) recognition of Bosch's legislature, 3) "constitutionalist" control of the Dominican military, 4) formation of a government of "democratic personalities," and 5) immediate departure of the 15,250-man Inter-American Peace Force.

In Washington, there was growing impatience for an imposed solution. At OAS headquarters the talk now was of simply setting up a "neutral, third-force" government composed of uncommitted, nonpolitical business and professional men, who would serve as caretakers for at least six months under the protection of OAS troops. Then, perhaps, tempers will have cooled enough to permit elections. No one—except Imbert—seemed ready or willing to force Caamaño to come to terms in the near future.



CASTRO IN THE CANEFIELDS
Less than a bonanza.

PEOPLE



GERALDINE CHAPLIN
Lesson from *Emily*.

Emily, the pet five-foot python that Geraldine Chaplin, 20, used to carry around Europe in a sack, evidently taught her something. On location in Spain, where she is playing the role of Tonia, the demure, bourgeois wife of *Dr. Zhivago*, the great Charlie's daughter suddenly assumed a heretic pose. But as Geraldine said once, "For a young dancer like myself, what a treat it is to watch a snake move. Their suppleness and their elegance are incomparable."

It was, she said, a sort of "bargain" between her and John F. Kennedy. Luella Hennessey had served the Kennedy family as a private nurse for some 25 years, attended at the births of three of their children, helped care for Patriarch Joseph Kennedy early in his long illness. In 1963 the President persuaded her to give up full-time nursing and go to college to study public health so that she could work with retarded children, a special concern of the Kennedy family. She agreed, and last week she received her bachelor of science degree at Boston College. Senator Ted-

dy Kennedy, whom she helped nurse back to health after his plane crash last summer, was on hand to give her a hug and a kiss. "The President said he would come to my graduation if I got my degree," she said. "I guess he'll know I'm getting it."

There he stood, that moaning old Yank, Elvis Presley, 30, firmly in the No. 1 spot on London's Hit Parade with what the trade calls a "religioso"—*Crying in the Chapel*. And were the Beatles crying any more than usual down there in 24th place with *Ticket to Ride*? No, no, no. For when the Queen's annual birthday honors list came out, there they were, among the 1,800 names: Ringo Starr, 24, John Lennon, 24, Paul McCartney, 22, and George Harrison, 22, all appointed members of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, thus entitled to put M.B.E. after their names and wear a silver lapel pin inscribed "For God and Empire." Her Majesty doesn't explain why she does these things. But after all, those boys have done a lot for Britain's balance of payments.

A little like introducing chicken soup to matzo balls, perhaps, but on opening night at Jaffa's Alhambra Theater, practically everyone who was anyone in Israel was there: Premier Levi Eshkol, Foreign Minister Golda Meir and the rest of the nation's official *mishpachah*. And when the curtain came down on the Hebrew adaptation of Broadway's *Fiddler on the Roof*, who should rush backstage but the Premier himself. Said Eshkol after toasting the cast: "Nu, nu, it's not exactly Sholem Aleichem, but I have never enjoyed an evening in the theater so much in my life." Israel's most formidable critic, Chaim Giamzu—whose last name is now the idiom for "roast"—naturally complained that the musical "is sunk in cauldrons of schmaltz." So what else did he expect, bubbled Joe Stein, who wrote the Broadway book: "Schmaltz is not exactly a Japanese invention, you know."

Classmates at Radcliffe last year knew her as Chris Bernadotte, and from the looks of things she might have been working her way through school. She helped clean house, waited on table and served time answering dormitory telephones. She even endured the Dantean savagery of Filene's basement on a Saturday morning. Now Sweden's Princess Christina, 21, is back in the U.S. for an official visit—and quickly found herself in the midst of another subterranean jostle. "The consul people thought it would be nice for me to ride the subway like New Yorkers do," said she. So after trudging through the World's Fair, she boarded a local IRT train in the 90° heat, pursued by a rather uncourteous mob of reporters and



PRINCESS CHRISTINA
Savagery at Filene's.

photographers. "It was a crush," gasped Christina upon emerging. "There are more civilized ways of traveling."

"I received your invitation to attend the White House ceremony just three days after I had agreed to speak a few words at a dinner honoring the excellent high school teacher who taught me how to write. I know you will not miss me at your dinner, she might at hers." So Author James Michener begged off Lyndon Johnson's dinner for 120 young Presidential Scholars. He was spending the evening in Swarthmore, Pa., at a retirement dinner for Mrs. Hanna Kirk Mathews, 65, who, according to Michener, must be ultimately responsible for *South Pacific*, *Hawaii*, and his latest tome, *The Source*. Mrs. Mathews heard her sophomore English student from 1923 remark: "In his lifetime a man lives under 15 or 16 Presidents, but a good teacher comes into his life but rarely."



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THE PRESS

REPORTING

Image-Polishing in Alabama

Ever since Selma, Alabama's Governor George Wallace has been complaining that the out-of-state press is unfair to Alabama. In April, he sent invitations to 1,700 editors around the country offering to give them the "real story of Alabama." Last week 27 editors and 21 reporters, most of them from small-town dailies, showed up for a four-day tour. They discovered that the real story was not appreciably different from the reported one.

No Horns. Understandably, the tour was devoted to some elaborate image-

the state." As things turned out, the main purpose of Wallace's invitation was not so much to offer outside newsmen a view of Alabama's positive side—or of which there was ample enough evidence—but to berate them in person. Whenever he got into speaking range of his guests, Wallace criticized inaccurate reporting of Alabama's racial explosions. If a reporter asked him about race troubles in Selma or Birmingham, the Governor merely shifted the point by citing similar problems in the reporter's home state. When a North Carolina newsman queried him about the Ku Klux Klan, Wallace replied: "I don't know how many there are in the

not been unfair to Alabama, much less to George Wallace. In fact, they were surprised that a number of white Alabamians agreed with the press picture of Wallace and said so. "I think the press has largely conveyed the picture that Governor Wallace has presented," said Phil Duff Jr., editor of the Red Wing (Minn.) Republican-Eagle. "If Wallace wants a better image for Alabama, he should stop talking segregation and start talking racial justice."

EDITORS

Watchdog in Chicago

On one of his first assignments for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in 1923, Cub Reporter Milburn Peter Akers followed a sack of potatoes from farmer to housewife to find out why they were so expensive. He handed in a story that had plenty of potatoes but no meat. He had failed to question critically each middleman's excuse for jacking up the price. When the city editor read the piece, he tore it to shreds and bellowed: "You let everybody impose on your credibility!" "On the way back to my desk," recalls Akers, "I looked up *credulity* in the dictionary. I've been *credulous* ever since."

He has, in fact, been relentlessly *credulous*. As a crusading managing editor of the Chicago Sun-Times, he nosed out some of the gamiest scandals Chicago has spawned. In 1951, when a police officer named Michael Moretti was cleared by a grand jury for killing two unarmed youths in a parked car, Akers sent an irate memo to his staff: "The Moretti case stinks to high heaven. I want to go after this as we have never gone after anything before." Despite threats on his life, Akers kept his staff digging until there was enough evidence to put the cop on trial for murder. Moretti was convicted and got a life sentence.

Flower Fund. Last week, at 65, Chicago-born Pete Akers gave up the crusades and retired from the newspaper business. For Chicagoans, it was the end of a tumultuous 45-year career of the man who has been described as having the "mind of a politician, the heart of a social worker and the body [5 ft. 8 1/2 in., 199 lbs.] of a medieval bishop."

Three generations of Akers' forebears were Methodist ministers; he was a preacher only at heart. After his stint on the Post-Dispatch, he became a political reporter in Springfield, later moved up to Chicago for the A.P. during gang-war days. In 1937, Akers took a fling at politics himself and wound up as an assistant to Interior Secretary Harold Ickes. But he soon beat a hasty retreat. "Anybody who leaves the newspaper business for political job," he says now, "is kind of silly."

Akers joined Marshall Field's Chicago Sun in 1941, and when the Sun merged with the Times in 1948, he was named managing editor. "He had a passion for perfection," says a newsman. "He just



GOVERNOR WALLACE & REPORTERS
From useful Negroes to personal berating.

polishing. Escorted by the Governor's staff and state business leaders, the newsmen visited industries in the Tennessee Valley region, witnessed the static firing of a Saturn V rocket booster at Huntsville, scanned the harbor of Mobile from two yachts. In Selma, they met smiling Sheriff Jim Clark. "See? He doesn't have any horns," said the president of the Selma Chamber of Commerce. At a cafe where the Rev. James Reeb had dined before his death, Mayor Joe Smitherman announced: "This is where the Reeb incident allegedly took place." In Birmingham, the group saw a grand jury at work; three members of the panel were Negroes. "We're glad to have these Negro citizens on the grand jury," said a state prosecutor. "They serve a useful purpose."

The trip was so tightly scheduled that the newsmen had virtually no chance to confront Negro leaders or civil rights workers. Grumbled Visiting Editor Walter Mickelson of the New Ulm (Minn.) Daily Journal: "They seem to be afraid to let us see the bad parts of

Klan in Alabama. From stories I've read, you've got more up there."

Too Many Cheerleaders. At a news conference attended by several hundred state legislators, as well as by the visiting press, Palo Alto (Calif.) Times Editor Alexander Bodin stood up and said, "Governor, I don't think a gathering of this type lends itself to a press conference, and I wish to excuse myself from any further participation in it." That prompted an outburst from another visitor, Reporter Joe Tronzo of the Beaver Falls (Pa.) News-Tribune, who seemed to reflect the general dismay: "We're competent people, and we don't like to be told we're distorting the news! We resent being branded just like you do! I'm proud of my profession, and I think there are fewer newspapermen in jail than politicians!" There was some snickering and the conference broke up. Groused an editor: "A roomful of cheerleaders is no place to conduct a press conference."

Most of the newsmen came away convinced that the nation's press had

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1965

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A color photograph of an elderly man with a joyful expression, swimming in a small, round, blue kiddie pool. He is wearing a black swimsuit and is surrounded by clear, blue water. A bright pink, cartoonish flamingo-shaped float is visible in the water. The pool's edge is decorated with a pattern of blue and white fish. The background shows a green lawn.

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wanted a great paper in a hurry." The tabloid Sun-Times (circ. 534,000) did not become a great paper under Akers, but it did become a dedicated one: Akers encouraged depth reporting in such areas as education and religion, before most other dailies got around to it. Among his exposé triumphs, he uncovered a "flower fund" in the books of a Cook County treasurer who was running for governor. When the Sun-Times showed that the fund was an assessment on county employees for campaign contributions, the treasurer withdrew from the race. In 1952, after the Kefauver crime-investigating committee allowed a candidate for Cook County sheriff to testify in closed session, Akers sent a reporter, posing as a federal employee, to snitch the transcript. The Sun-Times disclosed the details of the candidate's

ARTHUR SIEGEL



PETE AKERS

From credibility to a nose for scandal.

connections with gamblers, and the man lost the election by a landslide.

"Why?" Akers' famous rages still echo around the Sun-Times. Double chins quiver, he used to storm into the city room regularly and lambast an errant reporter with apoplectic fury. Other times he would resort to the icy memo: "Let's print this newspaper in English."

In recent years, the Sun-Times has combined sporadic crusading with more sober analysis. "We talk about the old interrogatories—who, what, where, when, why," says Akers. "Too many newspapers don't tell why." He found that one way to get the why was to weed the mediocre reporters out of his staff and to keep the pay scales high enough to attract bright newsmen.

As he retires, Pete Akers leaves a legacy of responsible investigative reporting that is still a yardstick in Chicago. "A newspaper has to be a watchdog," said he last week. "If the newspaper doesn't do it, who's going to? God! What would go on in a city like Chicago if the newspapers didn't do it?"

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MODERN LIVING

FASHION

The Cold Shoulder

It was the sort of party that Washington has come to expect of Ambassador and Mme. Hervé Alphand. For the Opera Ball, the capital's top social event of the season, the French embassy garden was transformed into a tented version of Maxim's in Paris. Party regulars (Vice President Humphrey, Lynda Bird) and regular partygoers (Alice Roosevelt Longworth, *Vogue* Editor Diana Vreeland, Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart) were all there, along with a clambrace of Kennedys (Bobby, Ethel, Ted, Eunice and Sargent Shriver), a détenté of diplomats, and a ponderosity of pundits. The music, fittingly enough, was provided by the orchestra of society's pet pianist, Peter Duchin, who is Averell Harriman's godson. And even in the crush of Paris designs, Duchin's wife, Cheray, glowed like a Botticelli blonde on the half shell.

Glazed Eyes. Cheray's Malcolm Starr gown—a flowing chiffon in lime green with one shoulder bared—was a stunner. So was the dress worn by young Washington Socialite Mrs. Eric Wentworth: flowing green chiffon, one shoulder bare. Then Mrs. John Hayes, wife of a Washington Post Co. vice president, also showed up wearing of the green (chiffon, one shoulder). As guest after guest floated in with the same model, smiles stiffened, eyes glazed. Fascinated, society editors began to keep score. They counted 15 to 20 women wearing identical or indistinguishable

gowns (at \$160 for the Starr silk-chiffon original, \$80 for a rayon copy).

Some look-alikes seemed not too displeased to be counted among the Starrs. "I sat next to someone who looked like Joan Kennedy for five minutes before we both realized we were wearing the same dress," Cheray Duchin reported. "We laughed about it." Some of the laughter also came out slightly lime green. One woman reporter claimed that several guests repaid to the powder room to weep on one another's bared shoulder. Happiest among women were those who had bought the selfsame dress and decided to wear something else that evening. Then even they started worrying. This side of Kuala Lumpur, where on earth would anyone risk wearing it? As for Mme. Alphand, she allowed bravely that the multiplicity of look-alikes gave "a kick to the hall—in a nice way of course." But then she was wearing a Cardin polka-dot organza—on both shoulders.

Responsive Chord. The all-Starrs at least had the consolation of being on to a good thing. Their gown—featured in the June *Vogue* and snapped up by such fashion luminaries as Mrs. William Paley and Actress Anita Colby—is the dress of the month, and sounds one of the strongest fashion chords of 1965: the one-bare shoulder look. Jackie Kennedy may have triggered the trend when she wore a black crepe version for her first formal outing after a year of mourning. It has been used by Balenciaga in a \$3,000 evening sari, by Givenchy in a flock of dinner gowns and daytime dresses, and by most top U.S. designers, whose fall lines were previewed this month. *Vogue* calls it "the Asymmetric Look," but Seventh Avenue has a better name: the cold shoulder.



AS PICTURED IN "VOGUE"

All-Starr night, and even the laughter was lime green.



AS WORN BY CHERAY DUCHIN

RESORTS

Let's Go Again to Niagara

"Every American bride is taken here," reported Oscar Wilde after visiting Niagara Falls in 1882. "This waterfall," he added, "must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest disappointments in American married life."

Wilde was more wry than right. Niagara may rank 83rd on the list of the world's 100 highest cataracts, but only two (Guaira Falls on the Brazil-Paraguay border, and Khone Falls in Laos) cascade vaster quantities of water. Since the area's first hotel opened on the Canadian side of the Niagara River 148 years ago, the falls have proved one of the most visited, derided and durable attractions in North America. A record 16 million tourists are expected to visit Niagara Falls in 1965. And despite all the quips by wags from Mencken to Mort Sahl, it still draws some 32,000 newlyweds a year, mostly to Niagara Falls, Ont., which indefatigably calls itself the Honeymoon Capital of the World and has the added lure for U.S. citizens, of being in a "foreign country." Mused one recent visitor: "I guess it's camp. So Out it's In."

Congealed Spray. After the War of 1812, the falls were fashionable. Southern gentry traveled up to see the battlefield of Lundy's Lane and to summer by the mint-cool falls. But the era was short-lived. After the Erie Canal was completed in 1827, Niagara Falls became the first frontier town on the way West. By the time the New York Central came in 1858, it was one of the rip-roaringest burgs in the U.S. Floozies and fakes, barkers and con men made the Niagara the rube's Rubicon. "Indian chiefs"—chiefly from Ireland—plied a brisk trade in white pebbles, which they hawked as "congealed Niagara spray." The cries of "huckmen, photographers and vendors of gimeracks," wrote a horrified Henry James, "at times drown out the thunder of the cataract."

Ironically, the resort's reputation was redeemed by one of the world's great artists. In 1859, when France's Blondin started strolling the 1,300 ft. from the U.S. to the Canadian side of the gorge on a 2-in.-thick tightrope, rubbernecks flocked across the continent to gawk. For two summers, while spectators placed bets on his fate (and sometimes cut his supporting cables to improve the odds), the dapper Frenchman sashayed back and forth on his rope, drinking champagne (he once cooked an omelet 150 ft. above the falls), turning somersaults, pushing a wheelbarrow while riding a bicycle, even carrying his manager across on his back. Once Blondin stumped across on stilts, a display of bravado that won him \$400 from the future King Edward VII.

Others followed in his wake. One,

• Nor did his disparaging remarks discourage Wild Willie, his older brother, from honeymooning there in 1891.



ONTARIO'S SEAGRAM TOWER

Overlooking Buffalo over Beefeater, and Toronto over tournedos.

an Italian daredevil named Signor Ballini, splashed into the rapids and the headlines from a tightrope 160 ft. above the water. And there were barrels. Though countless daredevils pitted their fate against rapids and whirlpool, it was only in 1901 that anyone dared barrel over the waterfall itself. Anna Edison Taylor, a middle-aged widow from Michigan, survived the venture, but three of six others who later tried the stunt died in the attempt.

Toilet Bowl. After the turn of the century, the falls fell on hard times. The Ontario side, which had once been awash with bars, went dry in 1916, and so, in consequence, did the tourist trade. The New York side, a pioneering area for hydroelectric power, became an unsightly clutter of high tension wires, oil tanks, highways and factories that spat foul industrial waste into the river. One critic called it "the toilet bowl of America." Explains the current Democratic Mayor, E. Dent Lackey: "Tourism became a by-product. If people wanted to come and look at the falls, O.K. But nobody cared much."

Trade did not really pick up again until 1957, when Niagara Falls, Ont., voted to reopen its bars. Encouraged, several Canadian businessmen modified a well-known name and put up Louis Tussaud's English Wax Museum, featuring such vivid spectacles as the slow death of Nelson, whose chest actually heaves as he expires on deck. Niagara Falls, N.Y., tidied up its parks, built a big new aquarium that opened last week, began constructing a monorail, and initiated a \$27.5 million urban-renewal project that will include a \$7,000,000 John F. Kennedy Convention Hall. The city also built a tower that rises 282 ft. from the base of the falls, giving an unsurpassed closeup of the U.S. side.

One of the two Canadian towers, the



BALLINI'S BIG PLUNGE

325-ft. Seagram, goes one step better than the one on the U.S. side, allows the tourist to enjoy the view over dinner. A third tower, called the Skylon, is due to open in August; it will boast a restaurant 700 ft. above the falls that will revolve once every hour, so that diners can contemplate Buffalo over their Beefeater, Toronto over the tournedos, the cataracts over coffee.

Rubble Removal. Even the falls are to be face-lifted. Until 1962, when control gates were installed to spread the flow, the 1,000,000 gallons of water that gushed over the crest of the cataracts each second were eroding the falls at the rate of 3 to 4 ft. a year. Worse still, two tremendous rock slides on the U.S. side have reduced their height as much as 40 ft. and piled thousands of tons of debris at the base. A multimillion-dollar federal project is now being considered to remove the rubble below. Not that most honeymooners care. The average newly wed couple, the natives complain, leaves the resort without even seeing the falls.

HOUSING

Don't Water the Daisies!

"We floated 30 feet south," marveled Los Angeles industrialist Thomas Donohue, "then 20 feet east, and finally 10 feet straight down." He was talking about his house.

From a vantage point with a view atop suburban Pacific Palisades, Donohue's \$100,000 Spanish-style house had picked itself up and headed toward Sunset Boulevard, 300 ft. down. It was a total loss. Also carried away in the hillside slide were a neighbor's \$100,000 cliff-top mansion, a psychiatrist's \$75,000 cyrie, and about half of a \$1,000,000, three-year-old apartment complex below them. One of the few residents who refused to evacuate the

area was Mrs. Clara Bartlett—she lost only the patio of her \$150,000 home. The overall damage is estimated at more than \$1,000,000.

First hint of disaster in the once tranquil Castellamare section came two months ago when the pavement started cracking up. Then the whole hillside started moving. Before it slowed down early this month, terra firma was going west at the rate of 5 ft. an hour. The slide should have come as no surprise. Similar disasters have destroyed hundreds of homes in the region since 1956, prompting repeated official warnings against building on hills and in canyons. But even though insurance companies have refused to reimburse homeowners for damage due to earth slippage, builders and buyers still compete for high-priced "view sites"—and pray that they'll stay that way.

One problem is that even experts disagree on the reasons for slides. Some Castellamare homeowners blame their losses on the builder of the apartment complex, who cut deeply into the hill face to anchor his foundations halfway up. Says one dispossessed resident: "Even a child building sand castles on the beach knows that if the boy next to him cuts away the base of his sand pile, the castle is going to collapse." On the other hand, the contractor's site was checked by geologists before the city issued him a building permit.

Other Castellamare residents argue that the soil was gradually loosened by moisture leaching down from hilltop lawn sprinklers. In any case, homeowners in Pacific Palisades and other "view" areas last week bombarded city officials with demands that all hillside construction be halted immediately. And no one was watering the daisies.



PALISADES' SLIDING HOUSES
Heading toward Sunset Boulevard.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Television & Fair Trial

For the first time, the Supreme Court last week tackled the issue of whether television in a courtroom denies a defendant's right to a fair trial. The court ruled 5 to 4 that it does and, in the majority opinion, produced a strong argument for keeping TV cameras out of at least all "notorious" criminal trials.

Incalculable Impact. The case at issue involved none other than the 1962 swindling conviction of Billie Sol Estes, whose trial in a Texas state court was televised over his objections. Justice Tom Clark, reversing Estes' conviction, declared that TV smuggles an "irrelevant factor" into the courtroom that may poison the atmosphere of the trial and therefore denies the defendant's right to due process of law under the 14th Amendment. Among points he cited:

► Potential jurors are influenced "from the moment the trial judge announces that a case will be televised." Filming or taping may distract trial jurors: viewing the edited results may prejudice them. Seeing the original trial on film may sway potential jurors in a new trial, if there is one.

► The impact upon a witness of the knowledge that he is being viewed by a vast audience is simply incalculable. Some may be demoralized and frightened, some cocky and given to over-

* The reversal voids Estes' eight-year sentence for inducing Texas farmers to buy nonexistent ammonia-fertilizer tanks, but he will be retried (without TV). Meanwhile, he is serving a separate 15-year stretch in Leavenworth on a federal conviction for mail fraud and conspiracy.

statement: memories may falter, as with anyone speaking publicly, and accuracy of statement may be severely undermined."

► Judges are forced to become temporary TV directors, to say nothing of those who are tempted to ham it up. "Judges are human beings also and are subject to the same psychological reactions as laymen. Telecasting is particularly bad where the judge is elected, as is the case in all save a half-dozen of our states."

► TV's impact on the defendant is "a form of mental—if not physical—harassment, resembling a police line-up or the third degree. The inevitable close-ups of his gestures and expressions during the ordeal of his trial might well transgress his personal sensibilities, his dignity, and his ability to concentrate on the proceedings before him—sometimes the difference between life and death—dispassionately, freely and without the distraction of wide public surveillance. A defendant on trial for a specific crime is entitled to his day in court, not in a stadium or a city—or nationwide arena."

Unplowed Field. "Trial by television is foreign to our system," concluded Clark. The four dissenters were not so sure. Justice Potter Stewart pointed out that the court did not examine the issue of whether TV actually prejudiced Estes' jurors, and he warned against any blanket rule that might stifle free press if and when TV becomes less obtrusive. Justice John M. Harlan cast the fifth vote to make a majority, but he urged the court to "proceed step by step in this unplowed field." If the next TV appeal involves different facts, Harlan implied, he may well shift his vote and convert the minority into the majority.



ESTES & LAWYERS AT TELEVISED TRIAL (1962)

Barring a poisoned atmosphere.

The Retroactivity Riddle

When the Supreme Court changes the law by extending the constitutional rights of criminal defendants, it normally does so by reversing the conviction of a particular appellant. But this raises a puzzling question: Does the decision also apply retroactively to other previously convicted prisoners?

The court has always said yes whenever it has tackled the question. But now it is painfully aware that hopeful convicts are flooding lower courts with appeals while critics flay judges for "freeing criminals." Last week, in a 7 to 2 decision, the court refused for the first time to give retroactive effect to a great Bill of Rights decision—*Mapp v. Ohio* (1961).

Sad Suspect. *Mapp's* purpose was to make state police observe the Fourth Amendment guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures." Until then, courts in about half the states admitted illegally seized evidence—typically, the fruit of searches made without lawful warrants. Thus in 1957, Cleveland police without a warrant invaded the home of a woman named Dolores Mapp on a tip that they would discover policy slips and a bombing suspect. Finding neither, the cops handcuffed Miss Mapp and searched on until they found "obscene material." She was charged with possession of it and was convicted. When the Supreme Court reversed Appellant Mapp's conviction in 1961, it ruled that from then on all state courts must exclude evidence seized in violation of the Fourth Amendment.

In last week's key decision, the court confronted a conviction that unquestionably violated *Mapp's* "exclusionary rule." When New Orleans police arrested Burglary Suspect Victor Linkletter, they took his keys, entered his home without a warrant, and seized the evidence that got him a nine-year rap at hard labor. This occurred in 1958—one year after Miss Mapp's offense. But Linkletter's greatest misfortune was that his conviction became final 15 months before the Supreme Court's *Mapp* decision. Nonetheless, he appealed on the ground that *Mapp* should void his conviction.

Delighted Prosecutors. Speaking for the court, Justice Clark held that "the Constitution neither prohibits nor requires retrospective effect." The court is free to weigh retroactivity in terms of each decision's purpose. Decisions on coerced confessions and on the right to counsel, for example, aim to improve "the fairness of the trial—the very integrity of the fact-finding process." Such decisions have been made retroactive because they raise doubts about the actual guilt of the prisoners. By contrast, said Clark, prisoners convicted before *Mapp* are no less guilty for having been deprived of the exclusionary rule. *Mapp's* prime purpose was to deter lawless police action now and in the future. "That purpose will not at

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this late date be served by the wholesale release of the guilty victims."

In a lengthy (14 pages), sharp dissent, Justice Black (joined by Justice Douglas) attacked the majority's logic in freeing Dollree Mapp for an offense committed in 1957 while holding Victor Linkletter for an offense committed in 1958. The result, wrote Black, was "grossly invidious and unfair discrimination against Linkletter simply because he happened to be prosecuted in a state that was well up with its criminal docket." But the court stuck to its pragmatic rule that *Mapp* now applies only to current and future cases—thus delighting prosecutors across the country.

Emanations from a Penumbra

After three trips to the Supreme Court in 23 years, Connecticut's archaic (1879) birth-control law was ruled unconstitutional 7 to 2—but in a judicial free-for-all that produced six opinions and a shaky new "right of privacy" concept that is bound to baffle judges for many more years.

All nine Justices denounced the only state law in the U.S. that banned the use of contraceptives by anyone, including married couples. It had been challenged by Yale Gynecologist C. Lee Buxton and Mrs. Estelle Griswold, executive director of the Connecticut Planned Parenthood League, who had been convicted (\$100 fines) for dispensing contraceptives at a birth-control clinic in New Haven. "A very bad law," agreed dissenting Justice Hugo Black. "An uncommonly silly law," agreed dissenting Justice Potter Stewart.

"Zones of Privacy." What roiled the court, however, was the question of whether to void a law based on the power of every state to regulate public morals. Speaking for the court, Justice William O. Douglas asserted that "we do not sit as a superlegislature," playing God with noxious laws. But to Douglas, himself thrice married, Connecticut's law collided with an overriding right—privacy in marriage. In a judicial sonnet, Douglas extolled marriage as "a coming together for better or for worse, hopefully enduring and intimate to the degree of being sacred . . . an association for as noble a purpose as any involved in our prior decisions."

The Constitution is utterly mute on the subject, but Douglas heard echoes in the Bill of Rights (the first eight amendments): "Specific guarantees in the Bill of Rights have penumbras [fringe areas]," he said, "formed by emanations from those guarantees that help give them life and substance." According to Douglas, "zones of privacy" emanate from the First Amendment's "penumbra" right of association, the Third Amendment's prohibition against the quartering of soldiers "in any house" without consent in peacetime, the fourth's guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures," and the fifth's privilege against self-incrimination.

In addition, argued Douglas, the

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DOUGLAS & WIFE
Safeguarding the bedroom.

Ninth Amendment implies a right of privacy by providing that "enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." So does the 14th Amendment guarantee of due process of law. Said Douglas: "Would we allow the police to search the sacred precincts of marital bedrooms for tell-tale signs of the use of contraceptives? The very idea is repulsive."

"*Shocking Doctrine.*" All these emanations failed to impress dissenting Justice Stewart, who could find no constitutional infringements whatever in the law. In what conceivable way, asked he, did Connecticut's birth-control law violate the Third Amendment ban against quartering soldiers in private homes? How could a federal court use the Ninth Amendment to take away rights assigned to the people's elected state representatives? "We are not asked in this case to say whether we think this law is unwise, or even asinine," said Stewart. "We are asked to hold that it violates the United States Constitution. And that I cannot do." Stewart's solution: Let Connecticut citizens persuade their legislature to repeal the law.

Justice Black was equally aghast: "I like my privacy as well as the next one, but I am nevertheless compelled to admit that government has a right to invade it unless prohibited by some specific constitutional provision." Finding no such specific covering privacy, Black, who is often accused of scorning "judicial restraint," proceeded to rake his brethren for imposing their subjective feelings on a legislature. Should the court continue this "shocking doctrine," said Black, it will wind up as "a day-to-day constitutional convention."

Meanwhile, lawyers can now spend years happily fighting over just what else the new right of privacy covers.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Kevin McClory, 41, Irish movie producer, latest of the Bondsman (*Thunderball*), and Fredericka Ann ("Bobo") Sigrist, 25, heiress to the Hawker-Siddeley aircraft fortune; their second child, a daughter (she also has a daughter by First Husband Gregg Jarrett, with whom she eloped at 17); in Dublin.

Married. Dame Jean Conan Doyle, 52, youngest daughter of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, herself commandant of the Women's Royal Air Force since 1963; and Sir Geoffrey Bromet, 73, a retired air vice-marshal; she for the first time, he for the second; in London.

Divorced. Merle Travis, 46, hillbilly singing star and songwriter, (*Sixteen Tons* and *I'm Sick and Tired of You, Little Darlin'*); by Bettie Lou Travis, 40; on uncontested grounds of mental cruelty; after eight years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Efraim González, 29, Colombian bandit chieftain, one of the Andean country's most wanted men and leader of a gang credited with close to 250 murders in the past six years; by gunfire, in an attack on his suburban Bogotá hideout by 425 soldiers using tear gas, rifles, machine guns and a 40-mm. anti-aircraft gun, while thousands of civilians looked on in awe.

Died. Judy Holliday, 41, dimpled blonde of stage and screen who achieved instant stardom for her classic 1946 portrayal of *Born Yesterday*'s gutter-voiced doxy, was thereafter typed as a comical broad (*Phfft, Solid Gold Cadillac, Bells Are Ringing*), though she was actually a sensitive, richly talented actress with a rather serious nature forever in search of the right serious role until a throat tumor took her off the boards; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Byron Schermerhorn Harvey, 62, board chairman of the Fred Harvey restaurant chain (60 restaurants, nine hotels, 35 retail shops) originally founded by his grandfather in a Topeka train station in 1876 to make the travelers' lot a bit happier, in those early days, by giving them good food served by pretty waitresses in prim uniforms, later immortalized by Judy Garland's 1946 *Harvey Girls*; of cancer; in Chicago.

Died. Thornton Waldo Burgess, 91, bedtime storyteller who regaled the country's moppets for nearly half a century with 71 books (7,500,000 copies) and some 15,000 hare-raising tales about Peter Rabbit, Jimmy Skunk, Reddy Fox and other denizens of the Green Meadow that were syndicated in nearly 100 U.S. newspapers; of malignant melanoma; in Hampden, Mass.

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IBM computers now help men curb floods at their source

EACH year, floods cost the U. S. a billion dollars' worth of damage to property, and wash away four billion tons of irreplaceable topsoil.

Much of the flooding occurs in the uplands, and feeds the rivers below. In many areas, engineers are bringing this flooding under control. IBM computers aid in their work.

Little dams tame floods

This work is under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. It has helped hundreds of communities with water-control programs.

These usually consist of systems of simple earth dams, catch basins and spillways in the uplands.

But—a watershed can cover hundreds of square miles. How many dams are needed and what sizes? Where should they be placed? How much water should each retain?

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Engineers can find the solution quickly with an IBM computer. The

computer can speedily analyze the flood data given it, and print out the effects of different kinds of water-control programs.

It can pretest these programs for every conceivable water condition, and find the most economical system of improvements—*before* any construction is started.

New community benefits

Once flooding is controlled, many unexpected benefits accrue. Farm income rises. Blighted land is restored. New reservoirs provide new recreation areas. Communities are not only safer—they can draw on more water the year round. That, in turn, is attractive to new industries, and creates jobs for local people.

Results have been so good that a thousand more of these watershed programs are now under way.

Computer speeds program

A spokesman for the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service said recently, "By the use of computers, our watershed planning specialists can obtain in minutes the information that formerly entailed weeks of tedious work."

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Left: This is how the photograph at top was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass.

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CLERGY

Ministers Behind Bars

The prison chaplain, says Lutheran Minister William Currans, was until recently a man of no particular qualifications—"retired or having difficulty trying to find a place where he wouldn't be noticed." Today, the men who minister behind bars constitute a highly trained, psychologically astute elite of the clergy.

In part, higher standards for prison chaplains have been inspired by growing secular awareness that prisons are primarily intended to rehabilitate rather than merely punish; more than half of the states now require that chaplains undergo from six to 18 months of specialized pastoral training. For example, the Rev. Henry Taxis, chaplain to the Hennepin County Home for Boys in Minnesota, studied for nine months at a state hospital in Iowa, three months at Federal Detention Headquarters in New York, and six months at the Illinois State Training School for Boys. The chaplains learn fast that the techniques suitable for the suburban parish are out of place in the convict world.

"**We Don't Use Gospels.**" "We work closely with psychiatrists and psychologists and use many of their techniques in our approach," says the Rev. W. Ralph Graham, chaplain at the Federal Correctional Institute in Englewood, Colo. "We don't use the Gospels or the Ten Commandments or the Beatitudes any more. Instead we talk about God in terms of the prisoners' experience. God has to be something they understand, not just an authoritarian father image." Says Lutheran Pastor Harold Lindberg, chaplain at Ohio Penitentiary: "I stress things like Paul's calling men to victorious living. Without using those exact words, I try to make these men agree that they are children of God."

Prison chaplains agree that helping

restore in prisoners their sense of humanity is a primary task. Most first offenders are crushed by their loss of freedom and self-respect and are bitter about the inequities of the law. "We are dealing with people who feel that there is no justice at all in meting out punishment," says Pastor Currans, chaplain at the Minnesota Women's Reformatory, and he tends to share the feeling. "If you steal an \$18 dress, you can get 18 months in jail; but if you cheat for \$100,000 on your income tax, you can get a suspended sentence and fine." Another constant concern is the prisoners' intense and persistent fear of dying in prison—"to them the height of degradation," says Lindberg.

The Man Behind the Tables. In the hope of reaching out to their alienated charges, prison chaplains are tolerant of being used by cynics—convicts who show up for services to improve their chances for parole. The ministers try to avoid any sign of moral judgment. The Rev. George Tolson of San Quentin wears an old green eyeshade when he interviews inmates ("It reminds them of the man behind the tables at Reno") and tells them: "I'm not here with answers. I'm just here to share with you what you've been going through." Colorado's Graham, like other chaplains, is aware that prisoners actively dislike people "messing around with their minds," and that sometimes a jolt of realism does as much good as a soft word. Lutheran Lindberg bluntly tells down-in-the-mouth prisoners that "if they think they are bastards they're going to act like bastards."

Many chaplains have been introduced to the challenges of prison life by serving pastoral internships under the auspices of such organizations as the non-denominational Council for Clinical Training Inc. The personal rewards,



POPE PAUL VI IN PISA

Around the sun, heretical or not.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Galileo: "A Great Spirit"

Three and a half centuries ago, the Vatican's Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office forbade the Italian Astronomer Galileo Galilei to "hold or defend" the Copernican theory, which Galileo's telescopes had verified, that the earth revolves around the sun rather than vice versa. Galileo stayed silent 16 years, then reasserted his view more strongly than ever in his *Dialogue on the Two Great World Systems*. In one of the world's most famous trials, the Roman Inquisition charged Galileo with heresy, threatened him with torture, and forced him to recant. His *Dialogue* was placed on the Index of Prohibited Books, and Galileo lived under house arrest and a revolving sun until his death in 1642.

The condemnation of Galileo has ever since been cited to demonstrate Roman Catholicism's opposition to science and free inquiry. Later, of course, it turned out to the satisfaction of everyone, including the Roman Catholic Church, that the earth does revolve around the sun. Galileo's works were removed from the Index in 1822, and a year ago French Jesuit François Russo suggested that the church might also formally repudiate the unjust censures directed at him.

Last week, at the National Catholic Eucharistic Congress in Pisa—where Galileo, according to legend, dropped a cannonball and a bullet from the leaning tower to prove that objects of different weights fall with the same velocity—Pope Paul VI formally praised Galileo, along with Dante and Michelangelo, as "great spirits" of "immortal memory."

It was a graceful tribute and a fitting one: the Pope whose Holy Office first condemned Galileo was Paul V.



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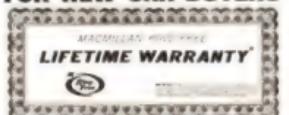
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when they come, are satisfying. Tolson recalls befriending one juvenile delinquent at the Illinois State Training School, who later came to him for help when he was ministering to a Congregational Church in California. Undiscouraged when his youthful charge was arrested for stealing cars, Tolson persuaded six lay friends to help the boy when his second term was up. Now the ex-convict has a wife, three children, and a steady job. "I lent him \$1,000 to help buy a home," Tolson says proudly. "and he paid me back within a year."

MORMONS

The Black Saints of Nigeria

Pending a new revelation, possible at any time, Mormons are committed to a certain degree of built-in segregation: Negroes cannot be admitted to the church's priesthood. For this reason, Mormon missionaries have never tried very hard to make converts in black Africa. Yet Mormons also believe that Negroes may be admitted to the priesthood in heaven. This apparently is good enough for 7,000 Ibibio, Ibé, and Efik tribesmen in eastern Nigeria, who have gone ahead to organize their own branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Nigeria's saints owe their knowledge of Mormonism to an itinerant team of Church of Christ missionaries who visited the town of Uyo in 1953 and left behind, among other books and tracts, a copy of *Joseph Smith's Own Story*. Fascinated by the dramatic life of the Mormon prophet, Anie Dick Obot of Uyo decided to form a branch of the church in Nigeria, and wrote for more information to Mormon headquarters in Salt Lake City. Mormon leaders sent back books explaining their laws and doctrines, and in 1959 dispatched to Africa Elder Lamar Williams, who was much impressed by the Nigerians' zeal and orthodoxy. Since then, the Nigerian Saints, governed by Obot and a council of 75 elders, have established branches in six cities.

Church chiefs are somewhat at a loss on how to deal with their new African converts, especially since the Nigerian government will not give resident visas to any missionaries from the U.S. "This is quite a unique situation," admits Hugh D. Brown, Mormon first counselor. One problem now is that in the absence of supervision from Utah the Nigerian Saints appear to be deviating somewhat from strict adherence to revelation. Some Nigerian Mormons practice polygamy—forbidden in the U.S. church since 1890—and the converts already seem to have established their own black hierarchy, priests and all. "I don't have to wait for revelation to know that I am the natural head in Nigeria," snaps Obot, who is accepted by his elders as their bishop. "Nigerian priests will run their own branch. This is their creation, and they are in their own country."



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Presidential Perils

A change in command at a college can sometimes be as rough as a switch of leaders in a banana republic. Last week two campuses were in turmoil because trustees named new presidents over the heads of favorite local candidates, and on a third campus a departing president philosophized about the perils of prolonged leadership.

Slippery Rock State College is a thriving school in western Pennsylvania noted mainly for the chuckles it draws when radio announcers toss its football scores in among those of such giants as Notre Dame and Michigan. Yet Slippery Rock's 2,300 students were dead serious about supporting easygoing Acting President John Edwards, 47, for the empty top job; 1,300 kids signed a petition favoring him. Instead, the trustees chose Dr. Robert S. Carter, the businesslike chairman of the education department at Denison University in Granville, Ohio.

Edwards and Carter quickly got into a fuss over when Edwards should give up the 18-room, three-story presidential mansion—a key fringe benefit to augment the post's \$16,000 salary. One morning, Edwards was reading on his patio when the caretaker discovered that the water had been shut off—on Carter's orders, it developed. Electricity and heat also faded. Edwards' 17-year-old daughter had to dress at a neighbor's house for her high school graduation. Edwards called the cutoff "an outrage." Carter called Edwards "rude and obstinate." Furious, students hanged Carter in effigy. After a week in the dark, Edwards moved out.

Dr. Lloyd H. Elliott, president of the University of Maine, bumped into similar resentment after being named president of George Washington University.

On the G.W. campus, 13 deans and 32 department chairmen had recommended that Vice President John Anthony Brown be promoted to the job; the trustees ignored them. The Faculty Assembly thereupon refused to extend greetings to Elliott or assure him that they would cooperate. Elliott remained stoically optimistic, said he hopes to meet with "all segments of the university" to work things out.

No such acrimony had ever enveloped Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney in his ten productive years as president of Brown University. But last week, having startled a commencement audience with the announcement that he was resigning though he is only 50, Keeney offered some thoughts about presidential tenure. "I have long felt that something on the order of ten years is an appropriate term for the president of a university," he explained. "One cannot arrange his pace so that he will last indefinitely, if he wishes to be effective. I set mine, have followed it, and find that what I had expected." His plans, he said, are indefinite except for one thing: he will not accept the presidency of any other university.

TEACHERS

Segregation by Integration

As the South's dual school system yields to integration pressures, Negro teachers rejoice in the new benefits for their race—and worry about their own professional futures. Some are finding that when Negro students go off to the white schools, the Negro teacher does not go along. He loses his job.

Faculty integration may well become one of the stickiest issues as pupil integration accelerates under federal insistence that federal money cannot go to segregated schools. Ironically, the

states and districts that are setting the pace for integration are the ones already under fire from civil rights groups for dismissing too many Negro teachers.

"Retaliatory." Though state authorities dispute him, N.A.A.C.P. Counsel Jack Greenberg contends that 500 of North Carolina's 11,792 Negro teachers will lose their jobs this year. Eight Negro teachers in Asheboro, for example, have been dropped with the closing of all-Negro Asheboro Central High School, and no Negro has been hired to teach next fall at the city's other, and now only, high school. Fired Negro Teacher Louis H. Newberry, who holds a master's degree from New York University and has pursued graduate studies at the University of North Carolina, says bitterly: "I think my qualifications are superior to anybody they have over there." The whites, argues Negro Teacher Gaines Price, "are being forced to integrate, and they are retaliating by not absorbing teachers of the Negro race."

No Corner on Incompetence. In Florida, Dr. Gilbert Porter, executive secretary of the all-Negro Florida State Teachers Association, contends that "several hundred" Negro teachers are being dismissed, and says: "Among all of the Negro teachers being let go, one or more must have qualifications equal or superior to those of the white teachers in that county." Elsewhere, 22 Negro teachers in four Arkansas school systems being integrated have been told that they will not be rehired, and ten Negro teachers in Texas claim to have been dismissed because of integration shifts. Since integration is barely getting out of token status, thousands of further firings seem likely in the future.

Educators concede that many Negro teachers do not measure up to their white counterparts. "The dual system has guaranteed that," says a Texas expert. Donald Agnew, specialist in Negro education for the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, says that, although "I hate to talk about it, since our organization has worked for years to raise standards," he questions "the quality of instruction that Negro teachers have received and can impart." At the same time, John Griffin of the Southern Education Foundation points out that "Negroes have no corner on the incompetent market." In fact, well-educated Southern Negroes have long gone into teaching for lack of other opportunities. Florida has based some of its dismissals on National Teacher Examination scores, and Griffin predicts that the test will "weed out some substandard white teachers too."

Laying Down the Law. In what could become a key legal decision, Federal Judge Thomas J. Michie ruled last week that the Giles County, Va., school board violated the Constitution's 14th Amendment when it dismissed all seven members of the city's Negro teaching staff in integrating the city's schools last year. Michie said the evaluation of the teachers was "arbitrary," and that "bold assertions of incompetence are not sub-



BROWN'S KEENEY



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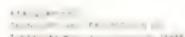
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COMMISSIONER KEPPEL

Practical preventive: withheld funds.

situates for reasoned analysis of the individual situations." The seven have found other jobs, but Michie ordered that they be notified of any future openings in the Giles schools and either be hired or advised in writing of the reasons why they were not selected—and the court would review the reasons. The National Education Association has promised to help similarly dismissed teachers secure their rights in the courts.

A more practical preventive against such abuse may lie in testing whether U.S. Education Commissioner Francis Keppe has the power under the 1964 Civil Rights Act to withhold federal funds from school districts that discriminate against Negro teachers. One section of the act's Title VI specifically prevents him from trying to stop discriminatory employment practices, but Keppe nonetheless believes that discrimination against Negro teachers has a discriminatory effect on schoolchildren, and thus his office can require faculty as well as student integration as a qualification for federal aid.

"We must not deceive ourselves that the exclusion of Negroes is not noticed by children," says Keppe. "What can they assume but that Negroes are not deemed by the community as worthy of a place in mixed classrooms? What can the white child assume but that he is somehow special and exclusive, protected from some sort of contamination? How can the world of democracy have meaning to such children?"

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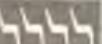


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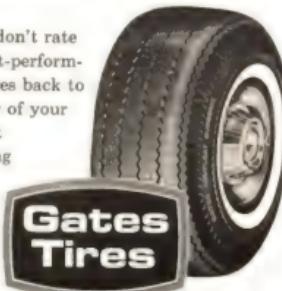
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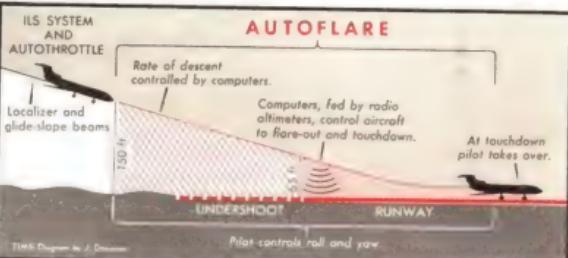
British European Airways Trident Flight 343 approached London Airport one afternoon last week on a regular run from Paris. Captain Eric Poole sat in the cockpit, and the 80 passengers fastened their seat belts for the landing. The plane settled easily into the final approach and made a perfect touchdown. But it was by no means a routine landing. As the plane taxied off the runway, Captain Poole got on the intercom to give his unsuspecting passengers a bit of a jolt: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the approach to the runway and the touchdown have been made by automatic equipment on board." It was the first time that a jetliner with fare-

the only fully automatic landing system certified as airworthy by the Federal Aviation Agency is one developed by Boeing and the Bendix Corp., but it has not yet been used commercially. The British are understandably first. London Airport is fogged in at least a dozen full days each winter, and some days the pea soup is so thick that even a taxiing plane gets lost on the field.

ASTRONOMY

The Quasi-Quasars

As astronomers probe outward in space, they are looking backward in time, because the light that they see from very distant objects started its journey millions of years ago. They see the light from stars that no longer



paying passengers aboard had landed by means of a computer.

The computer-operated landing system aboard the Trident is called the Autoflare, developed by Smith's Aircraft Instruments and Hawker Siddeley Aviation. Autoflare takes over within 150 ft. of the ground (see diagram). The plane is brought down the glide path toward the runway on radio beams from standard instrument landing equipment on the ground. From 150 ft. to 65 ft., twin computers aboard take control, directing the descent with information they have memorized and stored during the preceding 15 sec. At 65 ft., radio altimeters on board switch in. Now they signal the computers, which then bring the plane down to the proper landing point on the runway. The human pilot merely controls the plane's roll and yaw. Only at touchdown does he push a button on the steering column to disengage the automatic system.

Though pilots have made Autoflare test landings with their windows blacked out, the system at first will be used in regular commercial traffic only when the ceiling is at least 300 ft. As another safety precaution, the two computers are hooked up so that if they disagree or malfunction they will automatically cut off, enabling the human pilot to take charge. In the U.S.,

exist, and chart strange, starlike objects that could hold the secret of how the universe began. Quasars (or quasi-stellar radio sources) are the most intriguing of these objects, the oldest and most brilliant things in the observable universe, and the sources of powerful and mysterious radio waves. Now astronomers have identified a new class of quasi-stellar objects shining out of the past.

These are quasi-stellar blue galaxies—sort of quasi-quasars. Caltech's Dr. Allan Sandage described them in the *Astrophysical Journal* last week, adding that he suspected them of being "very distant, superbright galaxies reaching more than halfway to the horizon of the universe." Like quasars, they resemble stars, are up to 100 times as bright as an ordinary galaxy, and are receding from earth at tremendous speeds. Unlike quasars, they emit no radio energy.

Spectral Patterns. For years, astronomers observed objects known as "blue stars"—stars that are so hot that a large part of the light they give is blue. While studying quasars with the Palomar telescope, Sandage got interested in the blue stars, and he found that a number of them seemed to be "interlopers" among the quasars. Those closest to earth, he discovered, are the familiar blue stars. But some

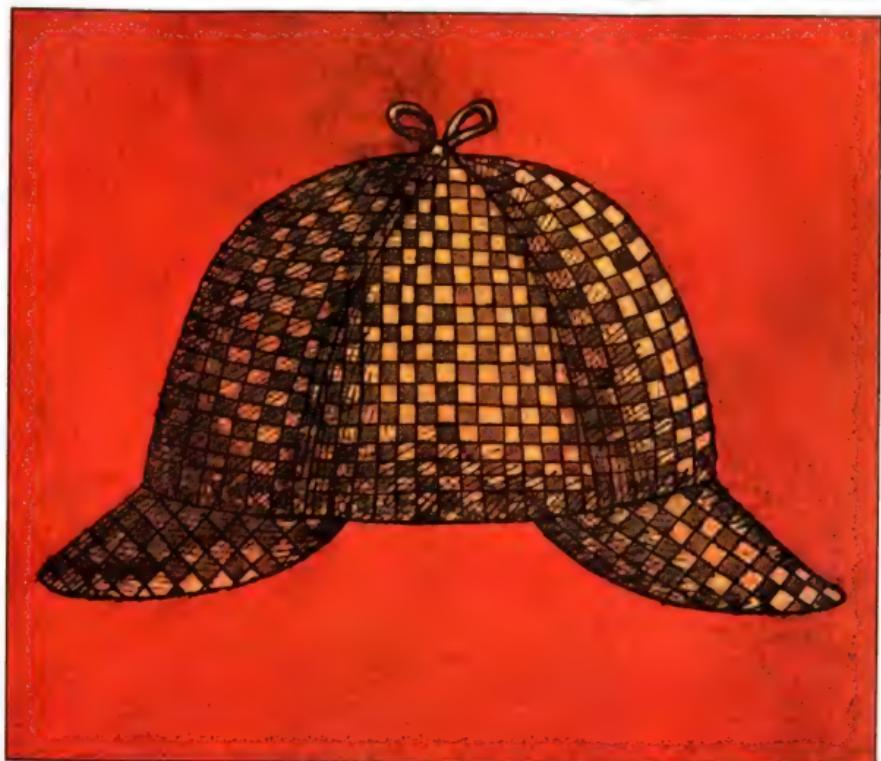


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ASTRONOMER SANDAGE
Questions out of the blue.

of those fainter than 14.5 magnitude are remarkably similar to quasars. When photographed with blue filters, they show an excess of ultraviolet energy, which is a characteristic of quasars.

The speed at which the blue objects travel is the most convincing proof of their great distance from earth: under the expanding-universe theory, the faster an object recedes from the earth, the farther away it is. Using spectroscopic techniques perfected by Dr. Maarten Schmidt, a Caltech colleague, Sandage and Schmidt analyzed three of these objects, and found that they were moving away from the earth at tremendous speeds. One of them, BSO-1 (blue stellar object) seems to be speeding at the rate of 125,000 miles a second, making it second only to quasar 3C-9 (149,000 miles a second) as the most distant known object. The spectral patterns also showed a presence of ionized carbon atoms that have been detected previously only in the most distant quasars. The blue objects probably outnumber quasars 500 to 1 and are scattered throughout the universe—the nearest one being 20 million light-years from earth.

Measuring Rods. Like quasars, Sandage's objects create more questions than answers. Do they represent the next evolutionary step after quasars? Will they give clues to some violent cosmic explosions of eons ago? Sandage suspects that they are galaxies in their early phases of life. "We have no idea yet what the two kinds of quasi-stars may lead to," he concedes. "We do know that they provide us with the long-sought keys to determine the size and shape of the universe." Since the quasars and the blue galaxies are so far from the earth, the study of them should enable astronomers working with the 200-in. telescope to look back on 93% of the time since the birth of the universe.



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By and large, the fellows who coach college crew are about as poor-mouthed as the coaches in any other sport. Say something nice about their boys and their eyes open wide in disbelief; the corners of their mouths curl down, and they launch into a wail about injuries and other miseries. Harvard's Harry Parker, 29, has only been varsity coach for three years. So he has a lot to learn. When experts say this year's Harvard eight is one of the best college crews in the history of the sport, Parker not only agrees but goes up a stroke. "I suspect that this crew is faster than most, if not all, previous college crews—faster at whatever distance."

The Crimson has gone to the mark four times so far this year. Until the Eastern Sprint Championships last month, no one has come closer than 5 lengths. In the Stein Cup race on Boston's Charles River, Harvard shaved 10.2 sec. from the 14-mile course record, outpulling Rutgers and Brown by 5 lengths. A week later, on Princeton's choppy Lake Carnegie, the Canbats knocked an incredible 20.8 sec. from the Compton Cup 11-mile record, swamping M.I.T. by 7 lengths and Princeton 9½ lengths. In the 11-mile Adams Cup regatta on Annapolis' Severn River, they finished 5½ lengths ahead of Navy and 9½ lengths in front of Pennsylvania. The 2,000-meter Eastern Sprints on Worcester's Lake Quinsigamond were a little closer: Harvard walloped undefeated Cornell by 2½ lengths—widest margin in the Sprint's 20-year history. "Even seeing doesn't help," mutters Princeton Coach Dutch Schoch. "You still don't believe it."

Call It Talent. Parker's crew is essentially the same one that was unbeaten last year until its loss to Philadel-



COACH PARKER

SPORT

phia's Vesper Boat Club in the Olympics. Now the Crimson is stronger, more mature, more confident. They average 6 ft. 3 in. and 180 lb.—including Coxswain John Unkovic, who stands 5 ft. 6 in. and weighs 120 lb. after dinner. Four of them—Captain and No. 6 Oar Paul Gunderson, Stroke Geoff Picard, No. 3 Oar Tom Pollock, No. 2 Oar Bob Schwarz—have been in the same boat since their freshman year at Harvard.

In practice, they row 6 to 10 miles a day, smoothly and powerfully shifting the stroke from 20 to 32 beats per minute; each man fitting himself to his boatmates. They may look like metronomes, but Coach Parker calls it "talent." "They are always thinking and feeling what's going on," he says, "rather than being out there just slugging away at it."

Tulips on Cedar. Parker knows what's going on. He starred on Pennsylvania's varsity from 1955 to '57, then shifted to single sculls and in 1959 won the National championship and the Pan American Games gold medal, went all the way to the finals of Britain's Henley regatta before losing. A few months later, Harvard offered him a job coaching its frosh, moved him up to the varsity in 1963 when Head Coach Harvey Love died. "This sport tends to be conservative," says Parker. "I'm inclined to try things out to see what works best."

Last year he switched to English-made "tulip" oars, which get a better grip on the water because of their broad, shovel-shaped blades. For the past 50 years, most U.S. colleges have used 62-ft. Pocock shells made from Washington cedar. Now Harvard has a new, Swiss-made Stämpfli shell of hard

Spanish cedar that is shorter (by 3 ft.), stiffer, and seems to slip through the water a bit easier. Even the placement of Parker's oarsmen is different. Instead of alternating positions all the way down the shell, he has borrowed an idea from Germany's 1960 Olympic Champion Ratzeburg crew, in which the No. 4 and No. 5 men both pull on the starboard side (see cut). The positioning seems to eliminate the tendency of the stroke in No. 8 position to pull the bow around to starboard, thus making it easier for the cox to keep a straight course.

Frosting for the Cake? This week Harvard goes against Yale on New London's Thames River. It will be the 100th meeting between the two rivals (score to date: Harvard 52, Yale 47), and though Yale has won only twice this year, Parker has had his men out on the Thames for two weeks practicing for the brutal, four-mile grind. Then Harvard will fly to England for the Henley Royal Regatta against the world's top crews, including the only outfit that has beaten them: Vesper's Olympic Champions. "A victory there," says Captain Gunderson, "would be the frosting on the cake." And a little bit more. In 1955 Coach Parker rowed No. 2 oar on the Pennsylvania crew that won at Henley.

BASEBALL

The Cold Draft

"The first call for the right of negotiation belongs to Kansas City," said Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick.

"Robert James Monday," responded the Athletics' Farm Director Hank Peters, "outfielder from Santa Monica, Calif., a sophomore at Arizona State University in Tempe."

And so it began last week in Manhattan's Commodore Hotel—baseball's

first "free agent" draft, which, in effect, stripped away the bargaining rights of the country's young hopefuls and put them on the block like so many sides of beef. To hear some of the clubs talk, it was the greatest boon to baseball since Happy Chandler returned to politics. "I've been pushing for this thing for 20 years," crowed the Cleveland Indians' vice president, Gabe Paul.

Under the new ground rules, no ballplayer can play one \$100,000 bonus offer against another. When a player is drafted, the team choosing him has exclusive rights to negotiate with him for six months, and can be as generous or as miserly as it wants. If the player says no, back he goes into the pool, and comes up for the next draft—an older and presumably wiser man. Unlike the pro football draft, where a player retains some competitive bargaining power through rival leagues, he can either like it or lump it. And where a pro football player can play out a year's option and then be free to deal for himself, the baseball draft could theoretically bind a player to one team for life.

Understandably, many of the richest teams see the draft as a threat to their power. No longer will such moneybags as the New York Yankees and Los Angeles Dodgers be able to sweep up the brightest prospects. The last-place team each year gets first crack, and so on up the line. Yankee Vice President John Johnson called it "immoral"—though the seventh-place Yanks had better watch their language.

The draftees themselves were silent—even Arizona State's "Rick" Monday, who had better cause to wail than most. The word was that Kansas City was offering him \$100,000 to sign. But Rick is only 19, and his season average was .396, with nine homers and 45 RBIs in 48 games this spring. That would have been worth at least \$200,000 in the good old days. However, if the draft seems too cold, there is always the Peace Corps.

SPECTATORS

Marching to Georgia

Not since William Tecumseh Sherman wheeled 100,000 Union soldiers south under a May sun 101 years ago have so many Northerners been in such a hurry to get to Atlanta, Ga. Last week the city was under siege from both professional football leagues: A.F.L. Commissioner Joe Foss announced a franchise for an A.F.L. team next year; N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle, on Peachtree Street at the invitation of Atlanta's Mayor Ivan Allen, talked gleefully about N.F.L. expansion to Atlanta by the fall of 1966. And baseball's Milwaukee Braves made a hopeful lunge. Already destined to play in Atlanta next year, the Braves offered Milwaukee \$500,000 to drop a court injunction and let them carpetbag south to Atlanta's new \$18 million stadium, after next month's All-Star Game.

The circumstances that lured all

three groups toward Atlanta were, in a way, the same that impelled Sherman. Atlanta is the hub of the South: it has fine transportation (good roads, superb air service), and is an important center of population. Within a 200-mile radius live 10 million folks who yearn for major league sport. The closest baseball team of significance is the Cincinnati Reds, 450 miles away; the nearest pro football is in St. Louis, 550 miles away. The city's handsome new stadium seats 51,000 for baseball, 57,000 for football. And that is just the beginning. With club owners more interested now in the tube than the turnstile, Atlanta is a TV promised land so hungry for something to watch that Washington Redskins games and major league baseball games are piped in by coaxial cable.

The Atlanta Braves will get handsome TV income from Anheuser-Busch and home-brewed Coca-Cola among others; and J. Leonard Reinsch, who offered the A.F.L. \$7,500,000 for a football franchise, happens to be president of Cox Broadcasting Corp., owner of Atlanta's biggest station.

Ghostly Silence. The television potential, along with the South's sports-minded population, explains why the N.F.L.'s Commissioner Rozelle is so anxious to beat the upstart A.F.L. into Georgia. The stronger N.F.L. has already lined up equally prestigious backers to support its franchise. Among the members of a syndicate dickering for a team: Texas Oilman John Mecom Jr., Indianapolis Speedway Owner Tony Hulman, Coca-Cola Heir Lindsey Hopkins Jr. So far, Atlanta's Stadium Authority has been playing it cozy, says only that no decision on rental rights will be made until July 1.

With all those fans waiting in At-

lanta, baseball's Braves are sadly losing both money and prestige in Milwaukee. Powered by such sluggers as Eddie Mathews, Joe Torre and Hank Aaron, the Braves were only 21 games behind the Los Angeles Dodgers last week and tasting World Series. Milwaukee couldn't care less. Attendance has fallen as low as 913 people at one game, and in contrast to the mid-1950's when Milwaukee packed in 2,000,000 fans a year, the total this year after 22 dates is only 125,600.

Fortnight ago, when the Braves beat the Dodgers three games to one in a weekend series, they averaged less than 9,000 spectators in a stadium that holds nearly 45,000. With their noses out of joint because of the Braves' decision to leave, Milwaukee county supervisors last week scorned Owner William Bartholomay's \$500,000 offer to let the team blow town, thus dooming the Braves to lame-duck along in the ghostly silence of Milwaukee County Stadium, winning games and whistling *Dixie*.

TRACK & FIELD

A Jug of Wine, and Pow!

He smokes cigarettes, down his full share of red wine, and readily admits that he often stuffs himself on sauerkraut. He plays soccer for kicks and seldom exerts himself in training. He has no coach. "My principle," explains French Distance Runner Michel Jazy, 29, "is to do nothing contrary to the body. An athlete in shape is like a pregnant woman. One may indulge one's tastes and be sure not to overdo."

Mais oui! Last week, before 3,000 wildly cheering countrymen at Rennes, he breezed through the mile in an astonishing 3 min. 53.6 sec., chopping a full .5 sec. from the world record set last year by New Zealand's Peter Snell. The week before, Jazy turned a 3-min. 55.5-sec. mile, the seventh fastest in history, and topped that by setting a new European record of 13 min. 34.4 sec. in the 5,000 meters, only 8.6 sec. off Australian Ron Clarke's world mark. Late last week, trying again to break Clarke's record, he missed by only 3.2 sec.

The curious thing is that Jazy runs best against nobody. Most runners find extra energy when a challenger pounds up alongside. Jazy freezes. He has won only a few major races against other stars, and finished a dismal fourth in the 5,000-meter run at the Tokyo Olympics. Few runners can match him when the pressure is off and he has some helpful "rabbits" to pace him.

At Rennes last week a French runner led him through a 57.3-sec. first quarter, a second rabbit helped him to a 1-min. 56.5-sec. half, a third pushed him to 2 min. 57.2 sec. at the three-quarter mark. From there on, Jazy sprinted out ahead, finished with a dash that put him 45 yds. ahead. He then coolly noted that the footing on the track was poor because it had been chopped up by too many earlier races. "Without this," he said, "I could have done 3 min. 52 sec."



JAZY AT THE FINISH
Best against nobody.

SCULPTURE

The Fundamental Venus

"Repulsively ugly" wrote a German archaeologist, Paul Wolters, of his finds on one of the Greek islands in 1891. By the artistic canons of his day, the classical Greek figure was the ideal of feminine form and the hourglass Gibson girl in her geegaws and gilded garters the height of fashion. To Wolters, the pinched sculpture found in the Cyclades, as the isles south of Troy and north of Crete are called, must have seemed pretty slim pickings. Yet these ostensibly crude figurines, despite their small scale, emerge as the first monumental sculpture in the Western world, and in their



CYCLADIC IDOL



HARP PLAYER



PRE-CYCLADIC

Forerunners of the Gibson girl.

search for symmetry are the direct forerunners of the *Venus de Milo*.

Preclassical sculpture is now back in fashion, largely because the work of such modern sculptors as Giacometti, Arp, Brancusi, and even the nudes of Modigliani, have changed what constitutes the canons of beauty. But Cycladic sculpture itself is as rare as golden fleeces. A recent show at Manhattan's Andre Emmerich Gallery had 29 marble figures from the Cyclades, ranging in price from \$100 to \$37,000, and outnumbered the Metropolitan Museum of Art's total collection of them by better than 3 to 1. The Greek government bans their export, but as long as the farmers on Naxos, Paros or Amorgos islands turn them up with plows, a small number are smuggled out, guaranteeing that the Cycladic market will stay open, opulent, small—and pregnant with preclassical Greek significance.

Marble Passion. Actually Cycladic figures, as rudimentary as they seem, are the end product of many millenniums of sculptural development. During the Stone Age, the female figure was treated in sculptural artifacts as a talisman of motherhood, with thighs and stomach huge in relation to arms and head. With the arrival of the Bronze Age, Cycladic

sculpture of 2600 to 2000 B.C. trimmed these fetishes down to a sterner, more geometric expression. The bodies flattened out, the frontal silhouettes took on the lines of violins rather than double basses, with elongated necks topped by heads mostly undetailed save for straight, almost abstract noses. This delicacy carried over from female figures into slender statuary of male musicians playing harps and the syrinx, or pipes of Pan.

As Greece rose toward its golden age, the rigid canons of Cycladic art, ready for change, submitted to many influences. In its ivory and gold bull dancers, Minoan art from Crete mixed in the snaky rhythms of Egypt and

Noble Remnants

As a Habsburg emperor, Rudolf II was exceptionally inept. During his rule, from 1576 to 1612, he was forced to cede Hungary, Moravia, Austria and Bohemia. Yet he had vision of sorts. He was an amateur astronomer, brought Johannes Kepler and Tycho Brahe to the Hradčany, his imperial castle in Prague, to perfect his stargazing. Rudolf's keen eye carried over into the arts, which he collected with all the magnificence of a Renaissance nobleman worshiping beauty. It was one of the world's greatest collections, but Rudolf could not hold on to it either.

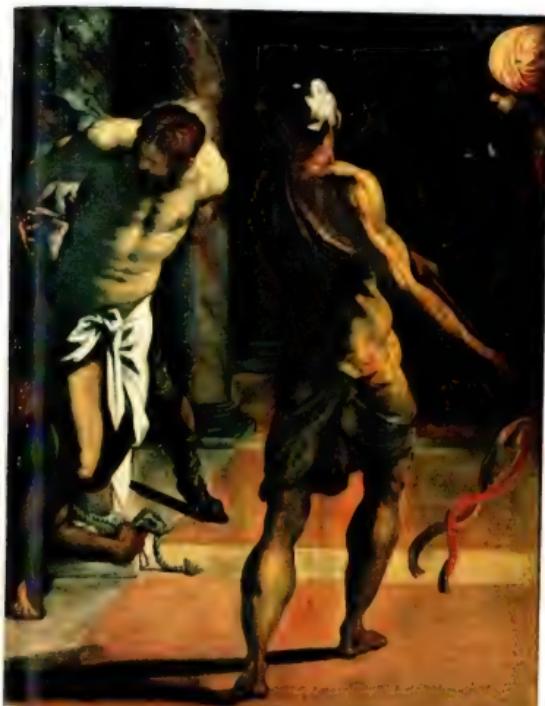
During the Thirty Years' War, the Hradčany was sacked by the Swedes, who floated bargeloads of art homeward down the Elbe. The Habsburg descendants contributed to the losses. In 1749, Empress Maria Theresa sold off 69 paintings at bargain rates. After the Habsburgs moved their imperial seat to Vienna, they removed Rudolf's collection from Prague. Between 1865 and 1894 alone, Vienna's palaces gained 312 pictures, including Cranachs, Bruegels and Bassanos. The dispersal has gone on until art from Rudolf's *Schatzkammer* now hangs across the world, from New York's Metropolitan to Leningrad's Hermitage.

Many times, experts have declared that Rudolf II's huge Hradčany palace was thoroughly bare. So did Czech Art Historian Jaromír Neumann, 40—at first. While studying inventories, Neumann found discrepancies suggesting that some old masters might still be lying around. And he found them—coated with dirt and varnish that has taken 22 restorers 21 years to scour off. Now these 74 noble remnants, mostly from Rudolf II's collection, are on view again, some of them back in the marble-floored stables of Prague's Hradčany (see opposite page).

"These priceless oils were buried under layers of ignorance, neglect and anonymity," explains Neumann. Tintoretto's *Flagellation*, with all the master's mannerist mystery of depth, stage lighting and evanescent flesh tones, had been attributed to a copyist. Titian's *Toilet* was supposedly by his son Orazio, although the supple shoulder line and illusory intermingling of the young woman's ripples tresses with her fluid sleeve reveals the artist's lustrous trademark.

These and the other masterpieces in the Hradčany may only be the first of many new finds. The Czechoslovakian Communist government declared all of the country's 4,200 castles to be state property, and almost none have yet had their collections examined. Says Neumann eagerly: "I myself know where there are two completely authentic Van Dycks. They've simply been hanging there all these years with nobody paying any attention to them." Even in a people's republic, some good can still come from nobility.

MASTERPIECES IN PRAGUE



Tintoretto's "Flagellation of Christ"

Pride of Renaissance man in his new-found knowledge of anatomy is displayed in the violent context of torture, set against a background of rich neoclassical architecture.



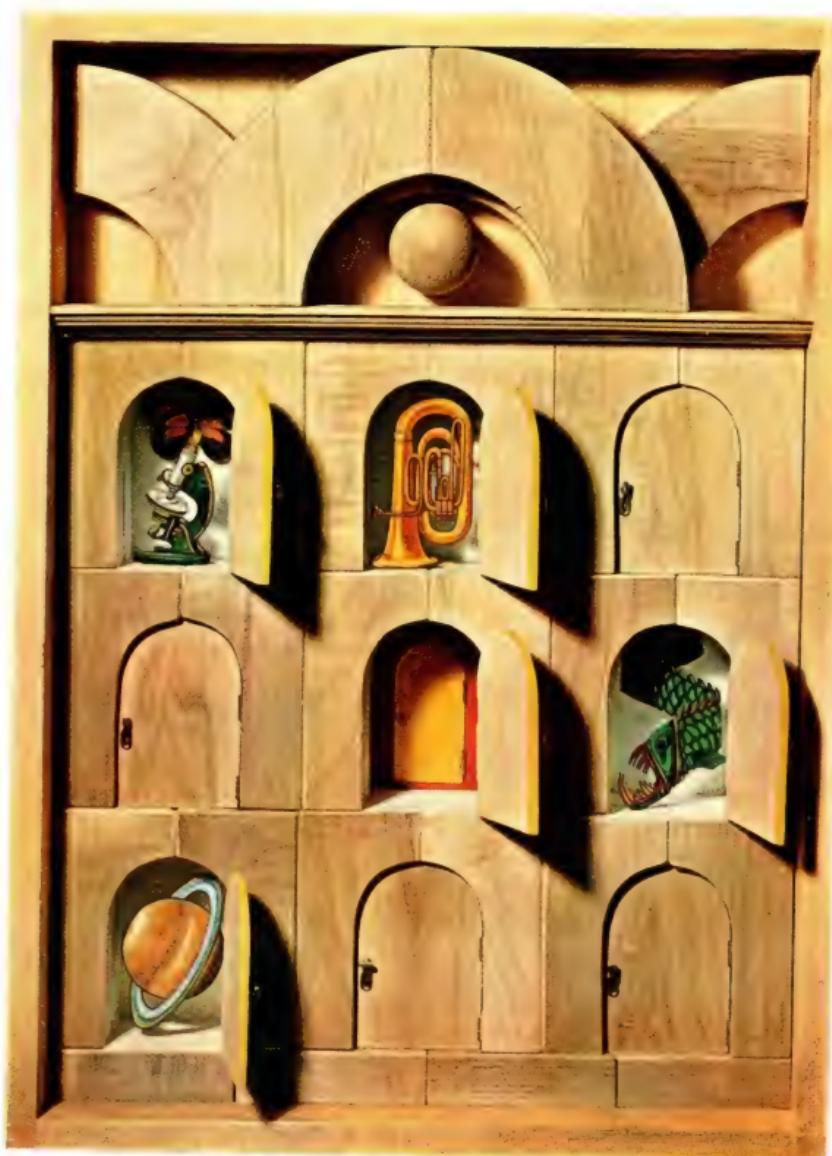
Titian's "Toilet of a Young Woman"

Once trimmed down to fit paneling ordered by Empress Maria Theresa, this canvas by Titian was long thought a copy of a similar canvas in the Louvre.



Veronese's "St. Catherine & the Angel"

This late painting from the Venetian artist's high Renaissance career is a lush adventure in dramatic posture and sensuous skin tones.



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MUSIC

OPERA

Richard und Ludwig

Most Wagnerian productions are mounted either in Cecil B. DeMille's rococo or, in recent years, Bayreuth Freudian. Last week, for a change, Munich's National Theater opened a new *Tristan und Isolde* that dispensed almost entirely with theatrical effects, set the most important scenes in near-darkness. Explained Director Rudolf Hartmann: "I wanted this to be a *Tristan* in which the main interpretation was left to the music." His concern, which would have delighted Richard

patched an emissary to track down his idol, finally discovered the composer holed up in an attic room of a hotel in Stuttgart.

Wagner was presented with the king's priceless signet ring and a promise of a lavish première of *Tristan* in Munich. In addition, the king promised Wagner all the money he needed, a new theater, a new music school and a new home. Ludwig also bombarded the 51-year-old composer with tender letters vowing eternal devotion. Wagner, a short, haggard-faced man, was careful not to alienate his doting benefactor, but he had other irons in the fire. Immediately on his arrival in Munich he asked that his close friend, Conductor Hans von Bülow, be brought from Berlin to conduct *Tristan*. While he valued Von Bülow's talents, he was even more anxious to secure those of Cosima, the conductor's wife (and daughter of Composer Franz Liszt), who had been Wagner's secret mistress for a year.

Art v. Artillery. When, at last, *Tristan* had its debut, the audience unexpectedly gave it a thunderous ovation, and Ludwig wrote in his diary: "Wagner, thou only one, holy one. How delightful. Oh, how complete." Then, suddenly Wagner's affair with Cosima was exposed. In a jealous rage, Ludwig banished the composer from the capital.

A few months later, war broke out between Bavaria and Prussia, and Ludwig's untrained, ill-equipped army was crushed. Had Ludwig spent as much money for artillery as he lavished on *Tristan*, it is conceivable that European history might have turned out differently. As it was, *Tristan* signaled the birth of a new art form that changed the course of music. His music dramas, substituting daring harmonies and emotionally charged leitmotifs for set-piece arias, marked the end of "poetic" opera, and paved the way for such pioneers as Debussy and Schoenberg.

DANCE

Back to the Singing Cafés

The opera's first production was almost as heavy with intrigue as Wagner's plot. Though the composer grandly pronounced *Tristan* "the greatest musical drama of all time," opera houses in Dresden, Berlin, Vienna and Munich rejected it as "unperformable." Moreover, to a public reared on Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and Meyerbeer, most of Wagner's works seemed to be joyless monstrosities.

Doting Benefactor. Wagner had other troubles. A republican revolutionary, he was forced to leave Germany in 1849 and was subsequently hounded across Europe by a pack of creditors. His deliverance came in 1864—seven years after he had started work on *Tristan*—when Ludwig II was crowned king of Bavaria. An effeminate, blue-eyed, ethereally handsome lad who was Wagner's most ardent admirer, Ludwig, then 18, dis-

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One place is Flushing Meadow, Long

Island. There, in the Spanish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, Manuela Vargas and her first-rate 16-member flamenco troupe hold forth four times a day. The raw, unbridled passion of their performance tops the fair's entertainment bill. Haughty as a peacock, La Vargas commands with a scowl that would intimidate a bandit. What she doesn't convey with her Goyaesque good looks, arching back and rippling feet, she says with her long serpentine arms and spidery hands.

Now 27, Seville-born Manuela first blossomed on the international scene when she won the prestigious Theater of Nations Festival Dance Award in Paris in 1963. Daughter of a cattle salesman, she is an amateur bullfight-

PIERRE VIGREUX



RICHARD WAGNER

Devotion was not welcome—but lavish.

Wagner, suited the occasion: the 100th anniversary of *Tristan's* première—also in Munich.

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MANUELA VARGAS

Many are not gypsies—or dancers.

er and a "purebred" Andalusian *gitana* (gypsy), whose ancestors have made flamenco a way of life for more than three centuries. In today's Spain, many flamenco performers are not even gypsies—or dancers either.

To the horror of its *aficionados*, flamenco has been crossbred with classical ballet and, most recently, rock 'n' roll. Appalled by this gaudy, twisty hybridization, devotees have founded flamencology centers in an effort to rescue the classic art from "philistinism."

Most successful of these authentic singing cafés is Madrid's La Zambra. There the defenders of the cause gather to watch diminutive Rosita Duran, the greatest female flamenco dancer since La Argentinita. La Zambra's success has prompted the opening of a smattering of similar *tablao*. But there are still only some two dozen topflight dancers and singers in the country—and 14 million tourists a year to applaud twist flamenco.

BOOKS

The Telltale Hearth

[See Cover]

In the house on Grindstone Hill, outside Weston, Conn., deep in suburbia, the phone rings. It could scarcely have chosen a less convenient moment. The call catches Charles Hayden in the tub, where he has just supplanted his wife: they are getting ready, on this late spring afternoon, for a drive to New York City. His wife, still not quite dry, hastily flings a phone around her, pads barefoot to the phone.

"Hello," says Phyllis McGinley Hayden. A pause. "Yes, this is she." Another pause. "Well, I just got out of the

"We have only one President," prompts her eavesdropping spouse.

"—we have only one President," his wife obediently repeats into the receiver. "I'll tell you, I'm not very strong. I've had this very severe fracture, and I'm convalescent . . . I'll have to fly down very late . . ." In the end, a bit reluctantly, she accepts the invitation to the White House Festival of the Arts.

"Oh dear, I don't want to go," she tells her husband after ringing off. "I never do that kind of thing!"

"But this is President Johnson! Your President, dear. You voted for him." Seizing the opportunity for husbandly mischief, he adds: "It isn't as if it were

And just for the occasion, she added another six lines:

*Applaud both dream and commonsense
Born equal; then with all our power,
Let us, for once, praise Presidents
Providing Dream its festive hour,
And while the pot of culture's
bubblesome,
Praise poets, even when they're
troublesome.*

Depth of Emotion. Such agile verse, composed over three decades, has established Phyllis McGinley as one of the most widely read and acclaimed poets in the U.S., with a harvest of honors that include the Pulitzer Prize, Notre Dame's Laetare Medal and more honorary degrees than she can remember (it's nine, she thinks). Although her métier is light verse, Poet W. H. Auden sets her high on the Parnassian hill. "Where do you place work like Pope's *Rape of the Lock*?" he asks. "You could equally call it light verse or marvelous poetry. There is a certain way of writing which one calls light, but underneath it can carry a great depth of emotion." The McGinley verse, says Poet-Anthologist Louis Untermeyer, "has something to say about what life is like—which is all we ask of poetry."

Her audience apparently agrees. *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*, first published in 1954, has sold 80,000 copies in hard cover and paperback. *Times Three*, the 1961 anthology embracing her life's work, has sold 60,000 in hard cover alone. From its pages gleams a talent that soars felicitously the full length of the human scheme, from man's perversity—

*We might as well give up the action
That we can argue any view
For what in me is pure Conviction
Is simple Prejudice to you*

to man's sorrows—

*Sticks and stones are hard on bones
Aimed with an angry art,
Words can sting like anything,
But silence breaks the heart.*

to mothers and daughters—

*Mothers are hardest to forgive
Life is the fruit they long to hand you
Ripe on a plate. And while you live,
Relentlessly they understand you*

to the poignancy of daughters growing up—

*Thirteen's no age at all. Thirteen is
nothing
It is not wit, or powder on the face,
Or Wednesday matinées, or misses' clothing,
Or intellect, or grace . . .*

*Thirteen keeps diaries, and tropical fish
(a month, at most); scorns jump ropes
in the spring;
Could not, would fortune grant it, name
its wish,
Wants nothing, everything,
Has secrets from itself, friends it
despises,
Admits none to the terrors that it feels.*



PHYLLIS McGINLEY AT HOME

"I might have done much worse, I might at that."

bathtub and I haven't any clothes on Oh!" With this exclamation, in which delight and dismay mingle, she cups her hand over the speaker and shouts into the hall:

"Guess who's calling, dear?"

"Who?"

"The White House."

"No!"

She returns to the phone. "You know I never do. I have this iron rule. But I guess I could break it for the President. What time of day is it going to be, Mr. Goldman?" Like how early? June 14?"

Her husband, now out of the tub, reminds her: "Remember your honorary degree at St. John's on the 13th?"

"Oh, dear," says Phyllis McGinley to Goldman. "I'm getting an honorary degree at St. John's University on Long Island on the 13th. I don't know whether I could get to Washington on time. On the other hand—"

Eric Goldman, Princeton professor of history, author and TV moderator, and now a special consultant to the President for cultural affairs.

my favorite President, Warren Gammie Harding."

"Oh, I don't like to live like this!" wails Phyllis McGinley Hayden. "I like to live quietly and peacefully!"

Diversity. Not many suburban housewives get invited to the White House. Nor, for that matter, do many poets. This week, when Phyllis McGinley, a pleasant matron of 60 who could pass for 45 and does not try to, a woman who just misses being pretty and does not care, presents herself at the White House, she will find herself on a program that includes only one other poet—Mark Van Doren. Asked to recite one of her own poems, she chose *In Praise of Diversity*, originally written for a Columbia commencement, which ends:

*Praise what conforms and what is odd,
Remembering, if the weather worsens
Along the way, that even God
Is said to be three separate Persons
Then upright or upon the knee,
Praise Him that by His Courtesy,
For all our prejudice and pains,
Divest His Creature still remains*



PHYLIS McGINLEY AT SIX
And think and think and think.

Owns half a hundred masks but no
disguises
And walks upon its heels.

Thirteen's anomalous—not that, not
this,
Not folded bud, or wave that laps a
shore,
Or moth proverbial from the chrysalis
Is not one age defeats the metaphor
Is not a town, like childhood, strongly
walled
But easily surrounded, is no city.
Nor, quitted once, can it be quite
revealed—
Not even with pity.

For this sensitive evocation of adolescence, which its author considers her best verse, Phyllis McGinley's daughter Julia was the model. The McGinley muse, albeit a distant traveler, alights most often on the ordinary landscapes of motherhood and domesticity—the only two professions that consistently outrank the poet. Since the 1930s, Housewife Hayden has been singing the substantial pleasures of the hearth, and contentedly reminding herself

How I might, in some tall town instead,
From nine to five be furthering u
Career,
Dwelling unfettered in my single flat
My life my own, likewise my daily
bread—
When I consider this, it's very clear
I might have done much worse, I
might at that

Rising Chorus. The strength of Phyllis McGinley's appeal can best be measured by the fact that today, almost by inadvertence, she finds herself the sturdiest exponent of the glory of housewifery, standing almost alone against a rising chorus of voices summoning women away from the hearth. The loudest of the new emancipators is Betty Friedan, another suburban housewife and mother. Mrs. Friedan maintains in her bestselling broadside, *The Feminine Mystique*, that the college-educated woman who seeks fulfillment in domesticity will never find it, that the clever girl will either go mad in the kitchen or go forth from it, to market

her brain in all those places where the men sell theirs.

Phyllis McGinley did not ask to get into the argument. But since she has been praising domesticity all along, in both essay and verse, her publisher prodded her into assembling her thoughts as rebuttal to all those, like Betty Friedan, who deprecate the very role that Housewife McGinley prefers to fill. The result was *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, in which she restates the proposition for which her own life has been the best evidence: that even today's educated woman can fit happily into the framework of the home. *Sixpence* sold slowly at first. But after housewives began to get the message, mainly by word of mouth, it climbed to the bestseller lists. There it has remained for the last 26 weeks. Total sales have passed 100,000, and are still rising.

"I feel so sorry for this younger generation," says its author. "They've got this silly guilt. They've been told that they're not contributing to the world it they relax into their normal ocean of domesticity. If you're not a great artist or writer, you shouldn't be made to feel guilty by having to be somebody besides a housewife. These girls are in school, and they're the queens of the world. Then they get married, and they have problems, and they say it's not fair. Self-pity is the most common but the meanest trait there is. Of course, as a friend of mine says, if you don't pity yourself, who will?"

Phyllis McGinley makes a compelling exponent of the housewife's role not just because she presents the case so well in prose and verse. She also happens to be a woman who set an exceptionally high value on the role long before she herself attained it, and, once enclosed by her own four walls, has never stopped marveling at her good luck.

All of Bulwer-Lytton. As the daughter and second child of an unsuccessful and fiddle-footed land speculator, she grew up with no settled home. She was born in Ontario, Ore., but her childhood memories begin with Hiift, Colo. ("It looked like a stage set for *High Noon*"), where the McGinleys settled awhile to farm an acreage that her father had been unable to sell.

This was not as miserable as it might sound. Admits Phyllis: "We were land poor—the kind of poor that had mahogany furniture and solid silver. We had books, and I read a great deal. I am probably the only person left living who has read the entire works of Bulwer-Lytton—when I was ten years old. We had 35 volumes of them." Phyllis thinks of herself as a cradle Catholic, because her father was an Irish Catholic from way back, and her mother, who was of German descent, adopted Catholicism when she married her father.

Phyllis remembers life on the ranch with no pleasure. "We were two or three miles from the next neighbor, and there were no children to play

with. There was nobody in the school but my brother and me and an occasional farmer's child. Often we couldn't get a teacher, and Mother would teach us."

Phyllis' father died when she was twelve, and the widow was forced to move again. "We went back to Ogden, Utah, to my mother's home. My aunt was a widow, too, so we lived in a sort of communal home—we never had a home, and to have a real home, after I got married, was just marvelous."

Giddy Going. At the University of Utah, Phyllis McGinley suppressed a natural appetite for scholarship—"I knew I was bright, but I also knew that in that period and in that environment, brainy women were not appreciated. I made myself over into a giddy prom trotter. I wasn't all that pretty—my teeth stuck out—and so I had to try harder. I didn't learn very much at Ogden, but I had what I always wanted all my life: the society of people, friends, beaux."

Even so, it was on campus that the giddy prom trotter's brainy side began to show. For as far back as she could remember, the muse had been coaxing her thoughts toward verse, most of it not much better than her first quatrain, composed at six:

Sometimes in the evening
When the sky is blue and pink,
I love to lie in the hammock
And think and think and think.

"From then on," says Phyllis McGinley, "it never occurred to me that I wasn't going to be a poet." The conviction spurred her to enter a university competition offering cash prizes for the best poetry, short stories and essays. For two years running, Contestant McGinley, submitting pseudonymous com-



THE HOUSE IN LARCHMONT
She wanted a bathtub on legs.

positions, in all three categories, won all the honors—and all the money. She also began sending poetry to New York magazines, and in 1929, after some of them were bought, she invaded this receptive market in person.

As a precaution against the possibility that her verse might not produce an instant livelihood, she took a job teaching English in a junior high school in New Rochelle, 17 miles north of New York City. She sold a few verses to *The New Yorker*, then got a plaintive note from Fiction Editor Katherine White: "Dear Miss McGinley: We are buying your poem, but why do you sing the same sad songs all lady poets sing?" Phyllis took the hint, began turning out light and amusing verse.

In New Rochelle, her principal

arrangements by his sister. Having met Frances Hayden (now Mrs. Merritt Riggs of Sherman Oaks, Calif.) in a Roman Catholic health resort in Demarest, N.J., where both had gone to recuperate from the pressures of life in Manhattan, Phyllis McGinley was duly introduced to Fran's brother Charles, better known as Bill. An Iowan with New England ancestors, Bill Hayden worked for the Bell Telephone Co. by day and at night played jazz piano in his own musical combo, which staggered under the title of Benny Benedict's Bouncing Blue Boys and His Five Celestial Harmony Rhythm Kings. Bill was good. Oscar Levant once told him: "I'd give my right hand to be able to do what you do with your left."

But Phyllis McGinley reacted warily.



BILL & PHYLLIS AT GRINDSTONE HILL
Benny Benedict seemed a little too foot-loose.

showed something less than approval of the new schoolmarm's extracurricular pursuit. One day he summoned her to the office, brandished a copy of *The New Yorker* with a McGinley poem in it, and confided the hope that this moonlighting would not interfere with her classroom commitments. At the end of the year, the schoolteacher decided not to let classroom commitments hobble her muse. She resigned.

Unexpected Bonns. The poet in Phyllis McGinley marked time for cautious years, however, before zeroing in on her life's theme. Measured against the high standards she had set as a little girl, New York in the Depression 1930s was not the ideal place to find either a husband or a home. Nothing saddened her more than the distress auctions at which handsome silver services, those symbols of gracious family living, were knocked down for the value of the metal. She wanted to be married, "but the men I met were either divorced or they drank or they didn't have money. It wasn't so easy to find the right man."

The right man happened along in 1934, after some valuable matchmaking

To her, Bill Hayden's alter ego as Benny Benedict suggested a man who fancied the foot-loose and unfettered life. When he tried to impress her with his jazz piano playing she asked him if he knew any Bach. "I thought somehow he wouldn't stay at home. It was all invented on my part. Then, without telling me, he called on the pastor at St. Joseph's and arranged to have the banns read. When I went to church on Sunday and heard them, I almost swooned in the aisle. It was the only really brash, adventurous thing Bill Hayden ever did." She was married in St. Joseph's in 1936. She was 31.

Prenatal Euphoria. She responded to domesticity as if it were poetry—which, for her, it was. She loved and lyricized over everything about it. "Julie was born in 1939, and I have never felt so divine in my life as the time before she was born. I was so full of euphoria. I was practically immune to all human illnesses!" A second daughter, Patsy, came along two years later. Even before

For no particular reason. The name just attached to him in his youth and stuck.

these two events, the Haydens had gone house hunting in suburbia—where Phyllis knew just what she wanted. "Don't you have a house with a bathtub on legs?" she demanded of real estate agents. This requirement was met in Larchmont, a bit of suburbia 19 miles north of Manhattan: "I just lost my mind over this adorable town full of old Victorian houses!"

In one of them the Haydens took up residence, and there the poet and the housewife irrevocably merged. "I was very surprised when I first met her," says Jean Kerr, the author and playwright, and one of the Haydens' Larchmont neighbors. "I expected her to be someone with a cigarette in a long holder, terribly sooty, terribly brittle. Even now sometimes, I'll read something she's done and I'll think, 'She couldn't have written that—she's just a housewife!'"

Domesticating the Muse. Phyllis McGinley's amber eyes fell with approval on everything about her, and the muse set the scenes to verse: the view from her suburban window, little boys racing madly by on bicycles, Memorial Day parades, the simple comforts of a warm bath and a soft bed, a husband's casual words of praise after dinner.

Until Phyllis McGinley, no poet had ever successfully domesticated the muse, or, for that matter, had even tried to. Her singular achievement is that she has brought off the match without undue strain on either partner. The Hayden household in Larchmont rang to the rhythms of recited poetry. "We used to sit around the fire while she read it to us," Daughter Julie recalls. "It was mostly ballads—and Yeats and Chesterton too. She chose dramatic stuff because she believes that poetry should appeal to the emotions. Mother and Patsy would always cry at the sad parts. She'd also discuss what she was writing at dinner, and she'd recite it, and she'd cry if it was good."

The girls also submitted, amiably enough, to an exercise of maternity that was rather on the strenuous side. "Mother is a bottomless pit," says Patsy, now Mrs. Richard Blake, wife of a lawyer practicing in Los Angeles. "She will kill you with love. As I was growing up, I didn't want to be understood. My biggest problem was knowing when and how to confide in Mother."

"Never Laughed At." Neither girl appears to have suffered either from the emotion-charged recitations or the maternal embrace. "We were never talked down to as children, and we were never laughed at," says Patsy, who graduated *cum laude* from Wellesley. "We grew up with dignity." Julie, who sailed through Radcliffe with equivalent scholastic honors, has since written her own declaration of independence.

"Mother finds it hard to understand the educated woman and her ambitions because her own education was so lousy," says Julie, now pursuing a career in journalism on the staff of *Family Circle* magazine. "She doesn't know what it is like for a young woman when

OCCUPATION: POET

JUNE IN THE SUBURBS

Not with a whimper but a roar
Of birth and bloom this month commences.
The wren's a gossip at her door.
Roses explode along the fences.

By day the chattering mowers cope
With grass decreed a final winner.
Darkness delays. The skipping rope
Twirls in the driveway after dinner.

Through lupine-lighted borders now
For winter bones Dalmatians forage.
Costly, the spray on apple bough.
The canvas chair comes out of storage;

And rose-red golfers dream of par.
And class-bound children loathe their labors.
While pilgrims, touring gardens, are
Cold to petunias of their neighbors.

Now from damp loafers nightly spills
The sand. Brides lodge their lists with Plummer.
And cooks devise on charcoal grills
The first burnt offerings of summer.

A GARLAND OF PRECEPTS

Though a seeker since my birth,
Here is all I've learned on earth.
This the gist of what I know:
Give advice and buy a foe.
Random truths are all I find
Stuck like burs about my mind.
Salve a blister. Burn a letter.
Do not wash a cashmere sweater.
Tell a tale but seldom twice.
Give a stone before advice.
Prescribed for rules and verities,
All I recollect are these:
Feed a cold to starve a fever.
Argue with no true believer.
Think-too-long is never-act.
Scratch a myth and find a fact.
Stitch in time saves twenty stitches.
Give the rich, to please them, riches.
Give to love your heart and hall.
But do not give advice at all.

THE VELVET HAND

I call that parent rash and wild
Who'd reason with a six-year child.
Believing little twigs are bent
By calm, considered argument.
In bandying words with progeny,
There's no percentage I can see.
And people who, imprudent, do so,
Will wonder how their troubles grew so.
Now underneath this tranquil roof
Where sounder theories have their proof,
Our life is sweet, our infants happy.
In quietude dwell Mammy and Pappy.

We've sworn a stern, parental vow
That argument we won't allow.
Brooking no juvenile excess here,
We say a simple No or Yes, here.
And then, when childish wails begin
We don't debate.
We just give in.

THE THUNDERER

God's angry man, His crotchety scholar,
Was Saint Jerome.
The great name-caller.
Who cared not a dime
For the laws of libel
And in his spare time
Translated the Bible.
Quick to disparage
All joys but learning.
Jerome thought marriage
Better than burning.
But didn't like woman's
Painted cheeks;
Didn't like Romans;
Didn't like Greeks;
Hated Pagans.
For their Pagan ways,
Yet doted on Cicero all his days.

A born reformer, cross and gifted,
He scolded mankind.
Sternier than Swift did;
Worked to save
The world from the heathen:
Fled to a cave
For peace to breathe in,
Promptly *wherewith*
For miles around
He filled the air with
Fury and sound.
In a mighty prose
For almighty ends,
He thrust at his foes.
Quarreled with his friends.
And served his Master.
Though with complaint.
He wasn't a plaster
Sort of saint.

But he swelled men's minds
With a Christian leaven.
It takes all kinds
To make a Heaven.

SQUEEZE PLAY

Jackson Pollock had a quaint
Way of saying to his sibyl,
"Shall I dribble?"
Should I paint?"
And with never an instant's quibble,
Sibyl always answered,
"Dribble."

BLUES FOR A MELODEON

A castor's loose on the buttoned chair—
The one upholstered in shabby coral.
I never noticed, before, that tear
In the dining-room paper.

When did the rocker cease to rock,
The fringe sag down on the corner sofa?
All of a sudden the Meissen clock
Has a cherub missing.

All of a sudden the plaster chips.
The carpet frays by the morning windows;
Careless, a rod from the curtain slips,
And the gilt is tarnished.

This is the house that I knew by heart.
Everything here seemed sound, immortal.
When did this delicate ruin start?
How did the moth come?

Naked by daylight, the pain is airing
Its rags and tatters. There's dust on the mantel.
And who is that gray-haired stranger staring
Out of my mirror?

THE LANDSCAPE OF LOVE

Do not believe them. Do not believe what strangers
Or casual tourists, moored a night and day
In some snug, sunny, April-sheltering bay
(Along the coast and guarded from great dangers)
Tattle to friends when ignorant they return.
Love is no lotus-island endlessly
Washed by a summer ocean, no Capri;
But a huge landscape, perilous and stern—
More populous than the nations to the north,
More bird-beguiled, stream-haunted. But the ground
Shakes underfoot. Incessant thundersound,
Winds shake the trees, and tides run back and forth
And tempests winter there, and flood and frost
In which too many a voyager is lost.

BALADE OF LOST OBJECTS

Where are the ribbons I tie my hair with?
Where is my lipstick? Where are my hose—
The sheer ones, hoarded these weeks to wear with
Frocks the closets do not disclose?
Perfumes, petticoats, sports chapeaux,
The blouse Parisian, the earring Spanish—
Everything suddenly ups and goes.
And where in the world did the children vanish?

This is the house I used to share with
Girls in pinafors, shier than does,
I can recall how they climbed my stair with
Gales of giggles, on their tooptoes.
Last seen wearing both braids and bows
(But looking rather Raggedy-Annie),
When they departed nobody knows—
Where in the world did the children vanish?

Two tall strangers, now I must bear with,
Decked in my personal furbelows,
Raiding the larder, rending the air with
Gossip and terrible radios.
Neither my friends nor quite my foes,
Alien, beautiful, stern, and clannish.
Here they dwell, while the wonder grows:
Where in the world did the children vanish?

Prince, I warn you, under the rose,
Time is the thief you cannot banish.
These are my daughters, I suppose,
But where in the world did the children vanish?

you've gone to Radcliffe. It is hard to settle for two babies and a husband who comes home at six—and none of my friends have."

Exclamation Points. To a less highly motivated householder, the Hayden style of domesticity might seem a bit too emphatic to be real. A fair share of the emphasis comes from Bill Hayden, who is just as domestically inclined as his wife and enthusiastically endorses her own relish for the role: "I don't think of her as a writer. I think of her as my wife and the mother of my children."

He does much of the shopping, tends the garden, cleans the swimming pool, thoughtfully leaves the family Buick out



DAUGHTER JULIE AT WORK

Mother would cry at the sad parts.

all night because another domestic couple, two robins, have set up nesters' rights in the garage. Like his wife, he frequently speaks in exclamation points. "I've got some lovely lamb chops here!" he shouts, coming in from a shopping trip. "One whole side of a baby lamb!" Two years ago, at 60, he retired from his position as public relations analyst at Bell Telephone, five years before compulsory retirement age. "Well, really," he said in explanation, "there were 70,000 people at the telephone company, and there was only one Phyllis McGinley. I felt I should nurture and do everything I could to help this great performer function."

If that seems to cast Bill Hayden in a secondary or supporting role, his friends and his wife know better. Says Jean Kerr: "He caters to Phyllis all the time, but he makes the decisions. He is the manager. If she gets into an argument with Bill, she just makes the natural assumption that he's right." Except in the realm of national politics, perhaps, where the Hayden compatibility has not been deranged by the fact that Phyllis McGinley is a lifelong Democrat and Bill a lifelong Republican.

Engineering a Dinner. Moreover, Phyllis McGinley brings to her own domestic performance an energy, confidence and zeal that eliminates all need for a man in an apron. The housewife dominates the poet—and the house. "I always do my writing in the little strings of time I have. I wrote when I had time, and that's all there is to it. I can remember cooking dinner, and I'd be stirring the stew, and I'd be working on some rhyme. You can't cook a great dinner that way, but you can scrub a floor or make a bed. I did what I could when I could, but I put my children and family first."

It is not by chance that the dining-room table seats ten; to Phyllis, ten is exactly the right number for a sitdown party, which she plots with an engineer's care: "The house has to be pretty and full of flowers, and for a short time everything must seem to be under a glass bell. I always have place cards and figure out who should sit next to whom. I go into such a state of shock that by the time dinner is ready I've forgotten." Even when there are no guests to plan for, she plans anyway, laying down explicit instructions for the household cook: "The one boast I have is that Bill has never in his whole married life, even when I was sick, had to have a delicatessen dinner."

Assorted accidents—or accident proneness, anyway—have beset her life. Her right arm has been in a sling since April, when she broke her shoulder in a fall from a hotel bed (she was reaching for the Venetian blind and misjudged the distance). The mishap added injury to injury: years ago she dislocated her spine in a tumble on her own kitchen floor—freshly waxed, of course. It still gives her trouble. It also gave her something in common with a U.S. Senator named John F. Kennedy, whom she met on a visit to Washington in 1955. Both were delighted to find a fellow sufferer. "We got off in a corner," she remembers, "and felt each other's corsets."

"My Lifeline." This same forthright, down-to-earth assurance colors her opinions and her activities in all spheres. Her views tend to be firm, and firmly pronounced:

► "I've always said that writers make the best wives. They're romantic, understanding, and have to stay home."

► "Bill and I have a maxim that if you see a marvelous buy, something you're going to adore for the rest of your life, even if you can't afford it, buy it."

► "It would never occur to us to go to bed without reading for an hour. When I'm reading a book, I can't put it down until I finish it. When Bill has a good book, he can't bear to finish it, so he reads several books at once."

► "The phone is my lifeline! It has literally saved me hours of every day! I don't think I could have been so prolific as I have been without the telephone. I go so I'd even call up to buy my clothes. I don't have time to go shopping. The whole 26 years I lived in

Larchmont I went to the same butcher, and I got the best meat—but I don't think I went in once a year. I ordered by telephone."

► "I am efficient in many areas. I never stand when I can sit. I never sit when I can lie down."

► "I'm sure there are many gifted women who could write, but don't have the discipline. You have to make yourself do things that are cruelly difficult. The only difference between a man and a woman is that a woman puts her family first, but the actual discipline is a cruel thing."

A Sickness? It was scarcely surprising that *The Feminine Mystique*, which attacked the whole structure of Phyllis McGinley's convictions, provoked



DAUGHTER PATSY & HUSBAND

When and how to confide in Mother.

contented housewife of Grindstone Hill into a spirited response. Betty Friedan's book classified the housewife state as nothing short of "dangerous." "It is not an exaggeration to call the stagnating state of millions of American housewives a sickness," she wrote. "The problem—which is simply the fact that American women are kept from growing to their full human capacities—is taking a far greater toll on the physical and mental health of our country than any known disease."

There is nothing really new about the Friedan argument, except its language. Her book, in fact, is merely one more pronunciamento of the 20th century feminist movement. It owes a considerable debt to that formidable French non-housekeeper, Simone de Beauvoir, who in *The Second Sex* insisted that any woman who submits to housework betrays "a kind of madness bordering on perversion."

Old or new, the Friedan challenge was irresistible to Phyllis McGinley. "I rise to defend the quite possible She," she had written many years ago—meaning by that the woman with absolute freedom of choice to find her



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destiny, not just by the rigid and sometimes outmoded rules of the feminists but in the world of today.

That world, to her, has always included the home. Phyllis McGinley sings its praises as the best and possibly the richest part of the feminine equation, but by no means all of it. Her arguments, unlike those of the opposition, are undeniably modern. She is no disciple of the Teutonic school of *Kinder, Kueche, Kirche*. And although she believes strongly in her religion, she does not place the domestic role on the pedestal of religious duty.

Phyllis McGinley's message to the housewife is that despite emancipation, despite the vote, despite jet travel and contraceptives and sleeping pills and a steadily rising census of college-educated women, there are still ample rewards and nourishment to be found in woman's noblest and most venerable role as keeper of the home.

"A liberal arts education," she writes in *Suspense*, "is a true and precious stone which can glow just as wholesomely on a kitchen table as when it is put on exhibition in a jeweler's window or bartered for bread and butter. To what barbarian plane are we descending when we demand that it serve only the economy?" The educated housewife "will be able to judge a newspaper item more sensibly, understand a politician's speech more sagely, talk over her husband's business problems more helpfully, and entertain her children more amusingly if her brain is tuned and humming with knowledge."

"Of course, women have a right to work if they can do so without stinting the family. I have nothing at all against housewives who use their education and their brains outside the home. I have, from time to time, used mine. By and large, though, the world runs better when men and women keep to their own spheres." But more important, "we who belong to the profession of housewife hold the fate of the world in our hands. It is our influence which will determine the culture of coming generations. We are the people who chiefly listen to the music, buy the books, attend the theater, prowl the art galleries, collect for the charities, brood over the schools, converse with the children. Our minds need to be rich and flexible for those duties."

Betty Friedan & Co. discount such talk because, they say, it comes from a woman who is not just a housewife but a poet, and who herself discounts housewifery by employing fulltime help. This attitude is slightly tinged with envy. Phyllis McGinley has managed, with stunning success, the very sort of life they advocate—and, what's more, like the Phi Beta Kappa effortlessly producing scholarship, she has made it look easy. From this housewife's mind, in between unstinted domestic chores, have come nine volumes of excellent verse, two books of essays and 15 children's books, half of them



HOUSEWIFE McGINLEY IN HER KITCHEN

Undeniably modern.

classics. "For all you could tell from her schedule," says Jean Kerr, "everything she wrote she did in ten minutes."

Good Structure. Certainly no one role, not even suburban domesticity, is big enough to confine Phyllis McGinley's awesome capacity for self-expression. "She has a good ego structure," says Nina Jones, a friend from the Larchmont days (and now Happy Rockefeller's press secretary). "Phyllis is good and she knows it."

Indeed Phyllis does. And in discussing the skill that has possessed and apostrophized her life, she can speak with objective authority and candor, as if the poet were not even there. "Re-reading my poetry the other night," she says matter-of-factly, "I was amazed at the high level of my competence. I know every technical trick. But I don't quite reach the plateau of the great poet. Eliot, Auden, Yeats—there are poets whose genius is so great I could weep over them."

"I have one facet of genius, and only one. I have an infinite capacity for taking pains. My passion is for lucidity. I don't mean simple-mindedness. If people can't understand it, why write it? Swift read his stuff to the stable boys."

"I do think I have been a useful person. At a time when poetry has become the property of the universities and not the common people, I have a vast number of people who have become my readers. I have kept the door open and perhaps led them into greater poetry."

Returning to the role of all women, she adds: "I realize I have been fulfilled, and I don't want my readers to think that I'm saying you can all be poets. All I'm saying is that if you really like being a wife and mother, it's that's your basic drive, don't be upset by characters who say you have to get out and do something. Because I think you hold the future in your hand."



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Where the Mood Means So Much

There is no reason for serious concern about the basic soundness of the U.S. economy. The biggest complaint that businessmen have is that in some cases, as Henry Ford II put it, "business is merely terrific instead of phenomenal." Yet last week the U.S. was swept by a sense of uneasiness that seemed to have no basis other than the fear that good times cannot last forever.

The chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who two weeks ago shook the business community by comparing 1965 with 1929, persisted in sounding

omy was heading for a slowdown in the months ahead. Some experts began to look far afield for excuses for a fall they felt was coming. They were bothered about prospects of a hotter war in Viet Nam, about possible currency devaluation in Britain, about current recessions in France and Japan. Then along came Bill Martin with his "1920s" speech—and that did it. The market's plunge since then has cost stocks a paper loss of \$20 billion. On the Street last week they were calling it "the Martin Market."

European bankers, who consider Martin the most prescient economic seer in the U.S., opened the week with

but closed at a disappointing 881.70—off 19 points for the week.

High & Tight. President Johnson, who dotes on harmony and optimism, strove to restore both with soothing words. The occasion he picked was his regular monthly meeting with his first team of economic policymakers—which was put off one day so that Bill Martin could receive an honorary degree from New York University. At the meeting was the President's "quadriga," as Washington now calls Martin, Treasury Secretary Fowler, Chief Presidential Economist Gardner Ackley and Budget Director Charles Schulze. Inside his Cabinet Room, Johnson refrained from



JOHNSON MEETING WITH ECONOMIC AIDES
To ease the unease: "No reason for gloom or doom."

bothered. Said William McChesney Martin Jr.: "I have businesses to worry about in good times and bad times. If I weren't worried, I wouldn't be in business." Lyndon Johnson tried to ease the unease that Martin had aggravated, took pains to reassure the nation that "there is no reason for gloom or doom." Thousands of anxious investors sold their shares, sending the stock market into its sharpest drop since President Kennedy's assassination.

For the U.S. economy, in which mood is often as important as statistics, the danger was that last week's nagging apprehension, if allowed to spread, could erode an intangible but vital economic asset: business confidence. "We are concerned," said Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, "with the confidence of people, people in business, people as consumers, people as employees in the future."

"The Martin Market," Wall Street has been nervous ever since the Dow-Jones industrial average reached an alltime high of 939.62 a month ago. Many professionals fretted that the market had climbed too high too fast (it jumped more than 400 points in less than three years), and were concerned about the possibility that the U.S. econ-

omy was heading for a slowdown in the months ahead. Some experts began to look far afield for excuses for a fall they felt was coming. They were bothered about prospects of a hotter war in Viet Nam, about possible currency devaluation in Britain, about current recessions in France and Japan. Then along came Bill Martin with his "1920s" speech—and that did it. The market's plunge since then has cost stocks a paper loss of \$20 billion. On the Street last week they were calling it "the Martin Market."

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criticizing Martin personally. Emerging from the 11-hour meeting, the President recited a cheery list of economic indicators, said that all of the omens point to "solid but moderate gains in production and incomes." And he added: "There are no crosscurrents, divisions or conflicts in the Government."

Martin nodded manfully, smiled tightly and said that he felt like an advocate of traffic safety who is accused of causing all the auto accidents. He declined to retract a single word of his speech, even though associates said that he had been startled by the reaction to it. And he scarcely concealed the fact that the split between him and the President is widening. After Johnson left the conference, Martin told newsmen: "I don't think any of us agree with every shade or emphasis in what the President said. I don't think he would want us to."

Martin's perennial foe, House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman, called on him to resign so that the President could appoint someone who does agree. Said Patman: "The cogs in his head click one way: tight, tight, tight money, high, high, high interest rates." The Administration, while publicly quiet, relied on some of its big

From left: Arthur Okun, member of the Council of Economic Advisors; Schulze; Ackley; Johnson; Fowler; Martin; Treasury Under Secretary Frederick Denning.

guns among private economists to fire back at Martin. In this week's issue of the *New Republic*, Yale's James Tobin, a member of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisors, faulted Martin for "telling history upside down." In the London *Financial Times*, M.I.T.'s Paul Samuelson derided Martin's speech as "the periodic prattling of central bankers." Said Samuelson, 50: "Mr. Martin, at age 58, periodically reverts to the views and practices that he cultivated so assiduously—and so disastrously—from the standpoint of growth rates and the well-being of the American economy—back in 1953-60." Later Samuelson added that Martin had "cried wolf without describing the wolf."

Rising Sights. Despite the arguments and alarms, nobody disputed that the 1965 economy is behaving at least as well as the President's economists had predicted last December. The Commerce Department last week reported that retail sales, which sagged in March and April, rose 2% in May. Sales should be helped further by the excise-tax cuts of \$1.75 billion next month and another \$1.75 billion in January, which will partly offset next year's boost in social security taxes.

Last week Treasury Secretary Fowler forecast that 1965's gross national product may well rise higher than the \$660 billion figure that Washington generally expects, and that growth and prosperity will continue "as far ahead as one can see." The outlook, of course, could change quickly if a strike shuts down the steel industry after the current labor truce lapses on Aug. 31, or if Wall Street's plunge frightens businessmen into sharply pulling back their expansion plans. The Commerce Department lists the stock market as a "leading indicator," and indeed, market drops in 1956 and 1960 presaged recessions by several months. But the severe, 200-point crash of 1962 scarcely slowed the current, long-lived expansion, and most economists believe that business is still too strong to be damaged by last week's dip—provided that the market does not fall much further.

Knock for Survival. The economy has no serious excesses or imbalances, and its signs of softness are minimal. Production in the supremely important auto industry recently has slowed from a strike-induced annual rate of 10,200,000 cars to a more sustainable 8,800,000, but continues to run 16% ahead of last June's record high. Chief Presidential Economist Ackley anticipates that both auto and steel output will dip a bit after midyear, and that unemployment will edge up from 4.6% to 5% of the labor force. Many economists, in and out of Government, expect that other sectors of the economy will rise and take up the slack. They look generally for increases in state and local government spending, business capital investment and consumer spending.

The 52-month-old expansion has shown an uncanny knack for survival,



It has brushed off such shocks as Kennedy's attack on the steel industry, the Cuban missile crisis, and the war in Southeast Asia. Both in 1962 and 1963, industrial production flattened out for several months, but quickly resumed its climb. The economy's strength has been that whenever one sector of business flagged, several others picked up momentum. If the 1965 economy continues to act with such interior logic, then the basically emotional worries that have hit Wall Street will prove to be unfounded and, eventually, go unheeded.

The American Way of Debt

The average American family is now \$4,700 in debt—an amount equal to 60% of its annual income after taxes. Americans plunged much more deeply into debt during April, the latest recorded month, when consumer installment credit grew by \$744 million, an alltime monthly high. Such records discomfit many economic experts—notably including William McChesney Martin Jr.—who fear that the credit society may eventually lead to the kind of overbuilding, overbuying and overpricing that could bring on a recession.

While there is a great deal of talk about the national debt, it is a fact that the Federal Government is more prudent than the citizens: since 1945, the federal debt has gone up 42% and private debt has gone up more than 500%. Personal debts continue to swell about 10% annually, and nobody expects that the economy can continue indefinitely to support such gains. The personal total now tops \$264 billion, of which 70% is accounted for by mortgages. The rest of it is mostly short-term and medium-term installment credit.

Personal & Business. The fastest-expanding area is auto credit, now at \$25.4 billion. Ten years ago, the typical car buyer made a down payment of 30% and carried the balance over 28 months; today he puts down only 25% and finances the car over 324 months. Personal loans, like the kind Lyndon Johnson took out to help pay his income taxes, have also risen sharply, to \$16.5 billion. Revolving credit in department stores, now \$2.5 billion, has doubled since 1961. Credit cards still account for only \$633 million, but are climbing by 20% a year.

Business borrowing is expanding even faster than consumer credit. New short-term bank loans to business rose from \$3.5 billion in 1960 to \$10.3 billion in 1964. Long-term corporate bond issues, which usually increase by 55 billion a year, will advance an estimated \$8 billion in 1965. One of the newer and riskier forms of business finance is "trade credit"—credits extended by companies directly to their customers, without bank financing. The total of such credit outstanding now tops \$100 billion, is expected to rise by \$6.8 billion this year.

Good Risks. Is credit being stretched too far? The American Bankers Association's delinquency figures have been gradually edging up, and mortgage foreclosures have doubled in the past four years (to 108,620 in 1964). Americans now typically spend 14.3% of their income to pay off their debts. While nobody knows for sure if that is too much of a strain, most lenders argue that the nation's rising levels of savings, income and sophistication prevent it from getting in too deeply. In addition, the major cause of the debt rise is that more people are buying houses—instead of merely paying rent—and thereby adding to their assets.

Americans have historically proved to be excellent credit risks, paying off almost all of their debts even during the Depression. In the event of an economic downturn, the danger is not so much that people will default on their payments as that they will reduce their borrowing and thus buy less.

PUBLISHING

Selling by the Book

When businessmen talk about examining their books these days, they may not be referring to debit and credit ledgers. Among U.S. companies, books have become so popular as sales tools that last year this category outstripped all other come-on devices except toys. More than 150 U.S. corporations—including Chrysler, Black & Decker, Weyerhaeuser, Phillips Petroleum, Carnation and G.E.'s Hotpoint Division—use books in sales campaigns. Last week the Aluminum Co. of America launched one of the biggest book campaigns yet. For 50¢ and an Alcoa coupon, it will send out a 310-page paperback called *Mealtimes Magic Cookbook*, which contains hundreds of recipes for indoor and

**"YOU MIGHT
CALL THE
'BLUE CHIP'
A KIND OF
DIPLOMA, SON"**

"The big difference is that we have to graduate over and over again." That's the story of the man who sports a blue chip in his lapel—the agent for Connecticut Mutual Life.

He's constantly being schooled to serve you better, taking courses in family protection, personal retirement programs, business insurance, insured pension and profit-sharing plans. In addition, the "faculty," a crack team of experts in the home office, keeps him up to date on policy benefits, and other information affecting personal and business insurance.

Another Blue Chip plus: his Alma Mater is a 119-year-old company whose record of higher dividends means lower net cost for its policyholders.

In short, his education pays off for you, in sure-handed, money-saving, Blue Chip insurance and service!

Connecticut Mutual Life

The 'Blue Chip' company that's low in net cost, too



IT PAYS TO TALK WITH THE 'BLUE CHIP' AGENT

The little jet for little cities.

In 1958, a jet airliner flew from New York to Miami and introduced travel at almost the speed of sound—for cities the size of New York and Miami.

It took until 1965 for the same thing to happen between White Plains, N.Y., and Utica, N.Y. Big jets (and big jets were the *only* jets) could not afford short hops. For 6 years, White Plains and Utica had to travel in the past.

Now a little jet has arrived just to fill this void. The BAC One-Eleven.

550 mph with
Rolls-Royce fan-jets.

The One-Eleven carries 60 to 80 passengers and is powered by two Rolls-Royce Spey engines. Over half the turbine engines in airliners today were built by Rolls-Royce. (Rolls-Royce has built aircraft engines since 1914, including the engines in the immortal Spitfire.)

Rolls-Royce tests the One-Eleven's engines at simulated altitudes up to 70,000 feet—almost 3 times the One-Eleven's normal cruising altitude. But their efficiency is best proved by fuel consumption: the lowest for any jet in airline use, and almost the same as the Viscount, though flying 200 mph faster.

"No ear-popping," passengers say.
"The air conditioning works
even on the ground."

In Kuwait, a cabin temperature of 68° was kept for 6 hours while it was 113° outside. (The One-Eleven has its own auxiliary power supply on the ground.) For fast climb and descent—an average One-Eleven flight lasts under 40 minutes—new pressurization control virtually ends ear-popping. 736 lbs. of insulation make the cabin unusually quiet, and each seat row has 2 windows instead of one. (And hip-room is an inch wider than in big jets.)

"Takes off like a fighter,"
say pilots.

The Rolls-Royce engines in the One-Eleven will also be used in the British version of the F4H Phantom. From idle, they reach maximum power in

5 seconds. And from a 125 kts. approach, they reach full power in 2 seconds. Large Fowler flaps give a low approach speed for easy maneuverability—the One-Eleven can land at the same speed as a Viscount.

Cushions turbulent air.

"Low gust response" of the wings makes the One-Eleven practically immune to rough air. The ride is very smooth near the ground, ideal for commuter routes over any terrain. The Rolls-Royce fan-jets easily take off from small, 4500-foot runways and economy makes short jet hops practical for the first time. (Yet the One-Eleven's 1500-mile range is enough to fly from Albany to Miami.)

One-piece "sculptured"
construction (like a statue).

Most airliners are riveted together. Much of the One-Eleven (the main structure of the wings, for instance) was literally carved from enormous solid bars of aluminum—a 4,000-pound block being machined down to one 800-pound member. The One-Eleven structure, in fact, was specially built to need no maintenance for 10 years (although, of course, the FAA requires frequent inspection). The One-Eleven is built for twice the load it will ever carry.

"Siamese" safety systems.

Airliners, of course, require various forms of power—and the One-Eleven splits its service system into 2 independent halves, each capable of taking over for the other. We do not believe in an emergency system that is never turned on until the emergency. The One-Eleven flies with 2

hearts that are always beating.

From the builders
of the Spitfire.

The One-Eleven comes from Hurn on England's south coast (the base from which spies were parachuted into France in the war). The company built 22,000 Spitfires in World War II, the famous Bristol fighters in World War I—and designed the U.S. Air Force's B-57s now in Viet Nam. It is also the builder of the new intercontinental VC10, the popular Viscount, and (currently, with Sud Aviation of France) the Supersonic Concorde.

(And, like the Viscount, the One-Eleven's "after-sales" service will be provided in this country by British Aircraft Corp., U.S.A., Inc.)

Who's flying it?

The One-Eleven is flying now on Braniff routes, begins service on Mohawk routes this summer and will be in service this fall for American Airlines. It is the first jet airliner built exclusively for short hops that is in use anywhere in the world, and it brings to cities like Burlington, Elmira and Corpus Christi the same jet advantages enjoyed for 6 years by New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

(A corporate version of the One-Eleven is marketed in the United States by Page Airways and has already been ordered by 2 companies.)

In Europe our little jet has already shortened short hops to the point where the drive to the airport is often longer than the flight itself. We hope you will like it here.

The One-Eleven



outdoor cooking—many specifying Alcoa wrap. Alcoa has ordered a printing of 100,000 to start.

Into the Living Room. Most companies pick out existing books that suit their needs and have them imprinted with name or message. Ford Motor Co. drew young buyers into showrooms by passing out 100,000 paperback copies of *How to Prepare for College*. United Airlines uses paperback travel guides to whet tourist interest in the cities it serves. Colgate-Palmolive is giving out sports books as premiums in its shaving-cream kits, and Quibb is pushing its new artificial sweetener, Sweeta, by giving away a sugar-free cookbook with each bottle. The biggest book users are insurance companies and banks, which pass out Merriam-Webster's pocket dictionary, home medical guides, and dozens of others to push salesmen into living rooms or to locate loan prospects.

This fusion of books and promotion has attracted more than 40 book companies into the field. Dell Publishing Co., a leader in general paperback sales, three months ago started a new corporate division to handle books for business. Venerable Doubleday & Co. doubled its sales of such books within a year, in 1964 printed 3,000,000 books for 25 corporations. Deepest in the book business is little Benjamin Co., a 20-man organization that distributes the books of 20 publishers, including Pocket Books, Bantam, Golden Press and Simon and Schuster. Headed by former Advertising Executive Roy Benjamin, 48, the company offers a choice of 10,000 titles (including 60 cookbooks); this year will sell more than 5,000,000 books to business.

Specially Written. Almost all promotion books are paperbacks, and most of them are nonfiction; they are usually purchased by corporations at bulk rates. Dr. Benjamin Spock's child-care books, used widely by drug and food companies, head the giveaway bestsellers list—business has distributed more than a million so far. The most popular current titles include the R.C.A.F. exercises and *How to Protect Yourself on the Streets and in Your Home*, an insurance-company favorite. Publishers have also begun commissioning new books specifically for corporate clients. More than 200,000 copies of Benjamin's *Coffee Cookbook*, written for General Foods' Maxwell House Division, have been grabbed up. Special books have been written on gun ammunition for Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.'s Winchester-Western Division, on bowling for AMF Co. and on photography for Eastman Kodak.

Publishers are now looking for even wider corporate fields. Doubleday has started an "Executive Choice" program, through which businessmen can send specially bound bestsellers to executive clients. Benjamin's next month will open a London office; so many U.S. companies are selling in Europe that the book habit is catching on there, too.

HOTELS

The Colonial Innkeepers

Most motel chains depend on an easily recognizable similarity to attract customers: Holiday Inns, for example, all have bright green neon signs, and Howard Johnson motor lodges feature the familiar orange roof. One chain has made a virtue of being different, though, and hardly has two establishments that are alike. It is Treadway Inns Corp., whose 28 hostels include such disparate stopovers as Nantucket's 120-year-old Jared Coffin House, once a whaler's mansion, a modern downtown motel in the Treadway headquarters town of Rochester, N.Y., and an Alpine chalet in Franconia, N.H., known as the Mittersill Inn. Most of Treadway's inns are in New England, but some are scattered as far away as Virginia and Texas; now Treadway is moving into the Midwest.

Treadways feature a boar's head, sucking pig and medieval carolers. Yet Treadway, where it counts, is very much up-to-date: the ten-story Treadway Inn at Niagara Falls (see MODERN LIVING) is an all-electric motel in which desk clerks manipulate individual room temperatures to suit guests as they check in.

"Start in the Kitchen." The extra touches began with Founder L. G. (for Lauris Goldsmith) Treadway, who worked his way through Dartmouth ('08) in the college kitchen, became so fascinated with cooking that he abandoned law. Treadway first worked for a series of New England inns, then opened the first Treadway in 1912 at Williams College, where he persuaded college officials to let him run the alumni house as a public establishment. The inn is still operated by Treadway.

L. G. was soon invited to open a

VINCENT S. D'AGOSTINO



STURBRIDGE HOSTEL
Lemon soap, lobster pie and Indian pudding.



FOUNDER TREADWAY

plans to open seven units a year there from now on.

Extra Pillows. Nearly half of Treadway's inns are summer resorts that cater to what used to be known as "the steamer-trunk and rocking-chair fleet." But today's profit is in country inns and in motels that cater to transients and conventions, and Treadway is concentrating on these in its expansion. Despite the added costs of running a chain of inns in which neither the food, the décor nor the furniture are standardized, Treadway has set an enviable earnings record: on its \$16 million in sales last year, it was among industry leaders in earnings per dollar invested.

However varied they may be, all Treadways have one thing in common: special touches for the guests. A Treadway Inn never has more than 200 rooms, and guests are pampered with decorator interiors, extra pillows, and lemon soap. Guests can also expect good New England cooking in the dining room (lobster pie, clam chowder, homemade bread, Indian pudding) and special celebrations on Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Mardi Gras, and the twelve days of Christmas, when several

similar inn at nearby Amherst, gradually built up a string of New England public houses including Treadway's best known, the Publick House at Sturbridge, Mass., where a colonial village has been reconstructed. He patterned his operation after colonial innkeeping, insisted on calling his managers innkeepers, worried only slightly about money. "I just love to run a nice place," he insists. "If I kept even, that's all I wanted." He had two basic rules: bedrooms should always be built around a good dining room, and executives should all have kitchen training. "Good hotelmen," says Treadway, "start in the kitchen."

Though L. G. Treadway, now 81, has retired, he still keeps in touch with Treadway's progress over a rickety upright telephone in his office at the Williams Inn. His son Richard, 52, is chairman of Treadway Inns, but his three sons have sold all but 25% of the corporation's 4,000 shares of stock to employees. Treadway's president and chief executive is J. Frank Birdsall Jr., 51, a Cornell hotel school graduate and experienced kitchen man who first worked for Treadway during college vacations. To its charm and cuisine, Treadway has

When Is Too Much Too Little?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



We used to know a rather large lady down in Lexington who was a mighty big eater.

She was reputed to have once stated, "The turkey is a most unsatisfactory fowl,—too much for one, not enough for two!"

Some of our friends tell us our four-fifths bottle of famous OLD FITZ falls in the same category.

Too small, they say, for a sizeable gathering of friends, oftentimes requiring a hurry-up delivery from the nearest package counter, or a back-door loan from a better-stocked neighbor.

Yet for a smaller group, they add, too much enjoyment remains in the bottle as a temptation to over-indulgence.

Truth of the matter, as a suitable bottle for bourbon, we've never thought much of the four-fifth quart. An alien size, it was literally foisted on American distillers years ago by the producers of British whiskey, and adopted by us in defense.

Under our American gallon system, this English "short quart" is neither fish nor fowl.

As its name implies, it lacks one-fifth (actually 6.4 ounces) of the contents of the customary American quart,—a handy figure to remember as you compare prices of both sizes on a dealer's shelf. If the quart costs less than one-fifth more, you're several free drinks ahead.

To fit the "platter" to a more convenient "fowl", our OLD FITZGERALD is now widely available in quarts. Within the past few years the amount so bottled has increased by more than half.

And happily so! The growing popularity of our generously flavored OLD FITZGERALD in its more generous bottle helps us give you true enjoyment,—"without," as Dad used to say, "pinching back on the sack."

Why not try it, tonight?

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Bonded 100 Proof

lately added a computer that scans daily innkeeper reports and immediately spots over-budget spending or unnecessary additions to the 2,500-man staff. Rather than diminishing Treadway's image of individuality, the computer is adding to it. Freed from routine paper work, Treadway innkeepers can now spend more time caring for their guests.

CORPORATIONS

There IS Life at Union Carbide

After years of puzzling over the possibility, many scientists—most notably those at the National Academy of Sciences—have recently concluded that there may well be life on Mars. The news came as no surprise to executives at the Union Carbide Corp. By synthesizing a Martian atmosphere and successfully growing plants and microbes in it, Carbide's researchers had reached the same conclusion. Why should Union Carbide care? Though the conclusion hardly helps sales, the process of reaching it has yielded the company many down-to-earth benefits. Carbide has, for example, found new ways to stop damage to plant life from smog and air pollution, discovered techniques to ship perishable fruits and vegetables without damage.

In the U.S. chemical industry, where the entry of dozens of oil companies a few years back vastly stepped up competition and cut profits, exotic research has become ordinary out of necessity. Carbide has 29 laboratories, will spend \$80 million this year to improve old products and bring out at least 50 new ones. Each year it also spends almost \$300 million to build additional plants and facilities that can transform laboratory finds into mass-produced products. Last week Carbide announced that it will build a \$30 million plant—its 93rd overseas facility—in Venezuela to make plastics from Venezuelan natural gas, will expand its biggest plastics plant, in Bound Brook, N.J., to produce two kinds of tough new material.

The stress on productive research has helped Carbide recover from a long profit drop, caused largely by the industry's overcapacity. The nation's second largest chemical company (after DuPont) raised its 1964 earnings 18% to \$189 million on record sales of \$1.9 billion, was able to increase dividends for the first time in eight years: first-quarter earnings this year rose another 27% to \$51.8 million. President Birny Mason, 56, this spring proposed—and stockholders eagerly approved—a 2-for-1 split of Carbide stock.

To the Consumer. Organized in 1917 out of the merger of five small companies that made acetylene gas and other carbon products, Carbide long did its biggest business supplying the steel industry with everything from oxygen for furnaces to the vanadium metal added to strengthen stainless steel. Now supplies for steel have been surpassed by chemicals, which represent 25% of



CARBIDE PLANT IN BOMBAY
No more fouled tap water?

Carbide's sales; they range from liquid hydrogen for space fuels to a new compound that dissolves detergents and may eliminate detergent-fouled tap water and help end stream pollution.

Carbide makes more than a thousand varieties of plastic (for women's coats, artificial wigs, handbags and baby bottles), last year acquired the Englander Co., a mattress maker, to spread sales of urethane foam. Its Linde division makes synthetic sapphires for scientific use with laser and maser beams, but has a profitable sideline in women's jewelry. In fact, though Carbide is primarily a supplier to other industries, it now counts about 10% of its sales in direct consumer products. Its longtime line of Eveready batteries includes 450 shapes and sizes, and its Prestone trademark is on 30 automobile products. It has introduced Glad plastic kitchen wrap, sandwich bags, and drinking straws, intends to expand this line. "Union Carbide never really decided to go into the consumer market," says President Mason, "but we have the technology for the consumer, so we're using it."

Modernizing Management. This widening product spread forced Mason, a Cornell-trained ('31) engineer, into doing some research of his own on Carbide's tangled management. Deciding that no consultant could possibly comprehend so diverse a company, Mason two years ago began a huge reorganization from within. Finished last fall, it streamlined Carbide into 13 operating divisions in four groups, with Mason and three executive vice presidents as a committee at the top. The new system seems to work so well that Union Carbide now has an excellent chance—even better than that of finding life on Mars—of maintaining profits in the competitive and constantly changing chemical industry.



This is a picture of a real stock certificate

We're printing it here because millions of people have never seen one.

Millions of people — many of whom really should have — because they can afford to buy common stock in America's great companies. And we can't think of a better investment for anybody's extra dollars.

No, we're not saying you should run right out and buy a share of A.T. & T. (We're using their stock certificate here just because it's the biggest company in America.)

On the other hand, we're certainly not saying you *shouldn't* buy A.T. & T. After all, more than two-and-a-half million people do own "Telephone" — personally receive \$2.00 per share a year in dividends — and feel pretty sure about those dividends because A.T. & T. hasn't missed a quarterly payment since 1882.

In the final analysis, though, which stock you should buy always depends on your financial circumstances and your own personal investment objective, whether it be growth, income, or stability.

That's why we suggest that you check with us first. If you want our help in finding an investment that suits your situation, you're welcome to walk into any one of our 161 offices and talk about your problem with one of our trained account executives... candidly, completely, confidentially.

Or, if you prefer, you can just write us a letter. And remember, the more you tell us about yourself, your financial circumstances, and your investment goal, the more pertinent our suggestions are apt to be. Just address that letter to James D. Corbett, Investment Inquiries.



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WORLD BUSINESS

AVIATION

Competition in the Air

The hottest show in Paris last week played at neither *Le Sexy* nor at the uproarious *Crazy Horse Saloon*, but out at vintage *Le Bourget* Airport, where Charles Lindbergh landed his *Spirit of St. Louis* in 1927. It was the 26th biennial Paris Air Show, the world's biggest, and the heat was caused by the jockeying to win competitive honors. Nearly everyone who counts in world aviation was there, partly to impress potential customers and partly to size up rivals and their hardware. Serious buyers from more than 100 nations and squadrons of national of-

formally decided to develop one. Lockheed showed its experimental XH-51 helicopter, the fastest (270 m.p.h.) in the free world, and a Lockheed C-141 Starlifter, the largest craft at the show, flew across the Atlantic with an inflatable Army field hospital. The Defense Department showed off combat aircraft that ranged from McDonnell's supersonic Phantom F-4Bs to a 20-year-old F-51 Mustang fighter, and a 96-ft. Atlas missile towered over the sprawling 85-acre exhibition.

European manufacturers stressed their growing teamwork in producing sophisticated equipment too costly for one country to devise alone. Britain and France shared an exhibit of their

craft, including their 186-passenger four-jet Ilyushin Il-62, and a Mil Mi-10 helicopter, bigger than anything in the West. While the other nations shared six exhibition halls, the Soviets wangled an unprecedented pavilion of their own for Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin and the charred *Vostok* I capsule in which he rode through space four years ago. Despite their glossy look, the Soviet planes attracted no buyer interest: there are no service facilities outside the Communist bloc, and the Russians continue to keep secret all precise data on their economic performance. Western airmen were impressed by the apparent versatility of some Soviet planes. For instance, the Tu-134, a medium-range jet transport shown for the first time outside the U.S.S.R., folds its landing gear into its wings. That leaves the fuselage clear for conversion into—oops!—a bomb bay.

STEEL

Race to the Seacoasts

Most of the free world's steelmaking centers, from Britain's Midlands to the U.S.'s western Pennsylvania, cluster around their major sources of coal or iron ore. Over the last century, France and Germany fought three bloody wars partly motivated by the belief that joining the Ruhr coalfields to the ore of the Saar basin would give the victor economic hegemony over Europe. Today, the march of technology is revolutionizing the economics and geography of the world's most basic industry. From Tokyo to Naples, steelmen are moving to the sea, erecting new plants hundreds (and sometimes thousands) of miles from even the meagerest deposits of raw materials. Last week, in a move that emphasized this trend, West Germany's sixth largest steelmaker, Kloeckner-Werke, announced that it plans a \$25 million expansion of its eight-year-old plant near Bremen.

Savings from Size. One of the biggest reasons for the rush to the beach is the recent development of gargantuan bulk-carrier ships (up to 60,000 tons) that can haul coal and ore cheaply over vast distances. Another is the efficiency of the U.S. coal industry, whose mechanized output now undersells that of German and British mines in Europe, despite much higher U.S. wage rates, and is easily transported to seaports. Then, too, huge new deposits of high-grade ore have been discovered in underdeveloped countries. Result: waterside plants that are free of protectionist restrictions can buy raw materials wherever in the world they are cheapest, thus destroying the traditional competitive advantage of a domestic supply.

The Germans are scurrying to catch up with other European steelmen: seaside plants already account for nearly



ILYUSHIN IL-62 AT PARIS
Too many secrets, not enough service.

ficials, including 58 juketing U.S. Senators and Congressmen, came to look over the 250 types of planes and other aerospace products displayed by a record 448 exhibitors from 16 countries.

Officials of the sponsoring Union of Aeronautical and Space Industries put up 107 blue-and-white chalets in which companies entertained and made their sales pitches. In a move to cultivate potential customers, the French Government paid the traveling expenses of 80 foreign delegations. The U.S. Government not only appropriated \$100,000 for the show, but also deployed 400 military men and 200 civilians to help staff its facilities; even had a fleet of ten helicopters shuttling between the field and the U.S. embassy.

Tipped Showcase. The largest array of exhibits this year—62 planes and scores of components—was displayed by 41 U.S. firms, all of which are fighting to keep their lucrative 70% share of the free world's \$2 billion-a-year market in aerospace exports. General Electric unveiled a full-size mock-up of the engine with which it proposes to power an American supersonic transport, even though the U.S. has not

supersonic Concorde, taking advantage of the lone air-transport realm in which the U.S. lags, pointed proudly to 47 orders already on the books for the still unbuilt plane. The French government seized the occasion to order Sud-Aviation to build 13 more of its twin-jet Caravelles, and France's Nord-Aviation showed off the twin-engined Transair cargo plane that it has developed with five German firms.

Rival Images. Britain pushed for more orders for its short-haul BAC One-Eleven jet, which faces stiff competition from Boeing's new 737 and Douglas' DC-9, and its BAC Super VC 10, which seeks to crack the domination of Boeing's 707 and Douglas' DC-8 in the European long-haul market. Italy's Fiat and two German firms displayed plans for a new vertical takeoff reconnaissance craft, the VAK 191. Even the small European countries offered advanced products, such as the Swedish supersonic Saab-35 Draken interceptor and the Dutch Fokker F.28 twin-jet airliner built with German, English and North Irish collaboration.

The Russians tried to project a peaceful image by showing off only civil



insures women drivers

If you're smirking about women drivers right now, you're barking up the wrong fender. We've noticed that most women drivers have fewer accidents than men.

Several years ago, we, Insurance Company of North America, also noticed another interesting fact. It seems that the same people were constantly responsible for most of the accidents. Yet careful drivers had to pay the same high premiums.

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But ladies and gentlemen who aren't yet eligible for INA-Champion need not despair. For them, INA offers the famous

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Put your INA man in the driver's seat soon. Let him explain all about INA auto insurance, as well as insurance for your home and life. (And ask him to bring along a colorful booklet for women drivers entitled "How to Change a Tire!") He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

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IBM



20% of the Common Market's steel production. France's Usinor opened a 1,500,000-ton mill at Dunkirk in 1963, and a consortium of Belgian and Luxembourg firms is busy building a 1,500,000-ton plant on the Ghent-Terneuzen Canal. Even Portugal has put up an efficient small works on the water at Seixal.

Prodded by this competition, 16 German steelmakers and The Netherlands' Hoogovens have joined forces to build a \$60 million ore-concentrating plant, the first of its kind in Europe, at Rotterdam's Europoort industrial complex. By converting 15 million tons a year of ore from West Africa, South America, Canada and Scandinavia into 5,000,000 tons of concentrated pellets and barging it to inland mills, the combine expects to cut 20% off the cost of ore



WATERSIDE MILL NEAR GENOA
Cheaper than at the mine.

delivered to Ruhr furnaces. To keep their markets, the Germans feel they must put competitive prices ahead of national pride; 51% of German steel is exported either as a commodity or in such products as machinery.

Sharpening Competition. While Britain handicaps its steel industry by excluding U.S. coal and Germany admits only a small quota, Italy has become one of Europe's lowest-price steelmakers (despite its lack of native iron or coal) by relying on coastal plants, American coal and ore from India, Liberia, Canada, Venezuela and Brazil. Aided by this reliance, Italian steel output has shot up 41% in seven years. A similar formula (Australian ore, coal from the U.S.) has made Japan's wholly seaside steel industry the world's No. 3 producer and a formidable competitive exporter from Detroit to Düsseldorf. This competition, anguishing to German and U.S. steelmen alike, may soon sharpen. Reason: even bigger ships now in the making (up to 100,000 tons) are expected to halve the present transport costs of coal and ore.

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June 9, 1965

SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

Wyler's Wiles

Movies are pre-eminently a director's medium, and of the Hollywood directors most actors would don a hair shirt to work for. William Wyler is near the top of the list. His own record as a director is unsurpassed: three Oscars (*Mrs. Miniver*, *Best Years of Our Lives*, *Ben-Hur*) plus eight Oscar nominations. But what impresses actors is not so much that his expertise ranges from costume epics to light comedy; it is that under his guidance no fewer than a dozen stars have won Oscars for themselves." Not that working under Willie Wyler is easy. "I try to establish a rule," he says, "that there is only one prima donna on the set, and that's me." Wyler gets results by demanding



SAMANTHA

after reading John Fowles's bestselling psychodrama, the story of a repressed lower-class bank clerk (and butterfly collector) who wins the football pool, buys a mansion, then kidnaps a pretty art student and keeps her in the basement for two months while he vainly tries to win her over and she as vainly tries to escape. "I found I couldn't put the book down," Wyler says. "And I'm a man who can put books down very easily. Still, for a film, it was a precarious undertaking—not only just two people but two unknowns."

Stamp, who had won plaudits for his role in *Billy Budd*, put Wyler to the test



BETTE & WILLIE

"Aah," he said. "You're wasting away."

them—over and over and over again. Actors assigned to him describe the experience as "living in the torture chamber." Greer Garson tried to soften him up in advance by sending him a pair of velvet gloves. Bette Davis got so mad she walked off the set for a week. Olivia de Havilland all but heaved a suitcase at Wyler after he ordered the umpteenth take of the same scene; yet all these films were hits. "I've resisted the temptation of being a good fellow," says Wyler, 62. "I don't care what they think of me on the set; they'll love me at the première." And, almost universally, they do.

Rough Going. No exceptions are English Actor Terence Stamp, 25, and Actress Samantha Eggar, 25, the two-man cast of Wyler's latest Columbia film, *The Collector*. Wyler picked them

Among them: Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Greer Garson, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan, Burl Ives, Hugh Griffith, Audrey Hepburn, Charlton Heston.

called in Character Actress Kathleen Freeman, who not only forced Samantha to struggle with the role, but helped it up further with horror stories about a paranoid schizophrenic relative until Samantha was thoroughly psyched and having nightmares. The turning point came when Samantha was watching Stamp sing a merry-mad cockney song and, as she watched, a tear came slowly down her cheek. "We were both elated," Coach Freeman recalls. "That was what we both needed. She knew she was at last involved with the part."

Once in the role, Wyler never left her free; in 42 days of shooting in Hollywood, Samantha's only outing was a Dodgers-Giants baseball game. Wyler followed the unusual practice of shooting all the interiors first, and in sequence. "The intense growth she achieved was, jeepers, a tremendous leap," says Kathleen Freeman. "It was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life to watch a character being made at the same time an actress is reaching her own stature." Samantha remembers it otherwise: "I guess I was supposed to feel trapped, and I did. I lost about ten pounds. Wyler loved it. 'Aah,' he said. 'You're wasting away.'"

Double Dip. Samantha's distress kept pace with her role; her shadows darkened as the heroine wasted away. Verisimilitude was everything. Wyler even insisted that the two nude scenes be played entirely in the buff, and one of them, a bathtub scene, was shot and reshot for five hours. For conventionalised Samantha, it was this very embarrassment that gave veracity to her fumbling, desperate efforts to seduce her captor—which was precisely the effect Wyler wanted. "Looking back," Samantha admits, "I must say it made sense; it was valid."

Three weeks ago at the Cannes festival, *The Collector* made more than that. The jury decided to dip into one film for both Best Actor and Best Actress, awarded them to Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar. On the private-showing circuit in Hollywood, Samantha is being touted as having a rare combination of acting talent and physical beauty, and Wyler's wiles may have set up two more Oscar nominations. If so, that's perfectly fine by Willie Wyler. "I'm particularly pleased for this award for the two kids," he said serenely. "I prefer that to an award for me, because I consider this is the same thing."

RADIO

The Hot Hot-Line

It is just before 1 a.m., any 1 a.m. from Monday through Saturday, and the din from the next-door Bowldrome has died away when Larry Glick climbs to the second-floor studio of Boston's WMEX ("the ever-new We-Mex, Home of Modern Radio"), eases himself into his chair, its torn plastic cushion oozing sponge rubber. Around him are ashtrays half-filled with cigarettes

Darling, do you know what 500 women said they like a man to do?

WE MADE THIS RESEARCH, DARLING... that's what *you* call it in business, at home *I* call it being nosy!

We wrote to 500 newspaperwomen about men who smoke pipes and would you believe it, 80% agreed they like a man to smoke a pipe. *Imagine getting 80% of women to agree on anything!*

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EVA GABOR

a pipe he looks younger." (When women hear *this*, they will all smoke pipes!)

Another editor said, "Pipe smokers have a distinguished and noble air." Masterpiece is for men who are distinguished, but I think a man who is too noble can be a bore.

If you are a man who likes to smoke a pipe, would you like to know the other intimate things we found out about you? Well, it's a secret. But then I'm a woman. So write to me, c/o Masterpiece, P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York, N. Y. 10016.

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left by the daytime rock 'n' roll D.J.s. Staring at him is the control panel held together with electrical tape. On the scarred horseshoe table sits a six-line beige telephone, equipped with six lights that will flicker when the telephone calls come in.

But first he relaxes as his taped introduction is played over the air: "Well, it's night and everything's all right. Just as right as it can be. Ladies and gentlemen, you're tuned to the new WMEX in the new Boston. The station in a growing Boston, headquarters for the nighttime Glicknics. A Glicknic is a



BOSTON'S LARRY GLICK
"Getting along with your wife?"

thing called happiness, and happiness is a thing called Larry Glick."

This is Glick's signal to turn himself on, and hunching toward the mike, a big smile spreading over his face, he greets the great unseen listening audience in his deep, friendly baritone: "How do you feel? I really mean it. How are you getting along with your wife? How are you getting along with your boy friend? We'll discuss all these things. CO 2-9600. You call us. You're the star of this show." And before he is done, the lights do go on. The fans are calling in, and Larry Glick's all-night hot-line show is business.

2 1/2 Years on the Bottle, Glick's telephone call-in program is just one of dozens that are proliferating across the U.S., giving the platter parades and baseball broadcasts a run for the ratings. Glick, 43, now with his eighth radio station since 1953, has become a glib, *gemütlich* master of the new formula. All he has to defend himself against his telephone callers is a tape-delay device, which gives him a four-second time lag in which to erase obscenities from the air. To ease the strain, there is an occasional celebrity visitor such as Songstress Edie Adams or Rocky Marciano.

The rest is up to the listeners, and for Glick's fans it provides nighttime



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fare that combines all the appeal of a stormy town meeting with the piquancy of listening in on the party line to real-life drama. "Oh Larry," begins one mother's voice, "my boy's been on the bottle for the last 2½ years; what am I going to do?" Another caller wants to wipe up the Viet Cong, the next discusses self-hypnotism, a third knocks himself out with his own imitation of Bobby Kennedy, and then along in the wee small hours comes a dope addict, who swears he would have committed suicide long ago if Larry had not made him feel that he "belonged to a family."

Paid-up Burial Policy. Such testimonials from the big cities' lonely ones are only one indication of the new impact of the call-in shows. The appeal seems as strong, no matter what time of day or night the programs are scheduled. Stopping the music and turning to talk lifted Nashville's WLAC *Focus* into first place in daytime shows, and boosted Baltimore's WCMB into first from 9 p.m. to midnight. And within a year, after shifting to the phone-in format on *High Noon*, Albuquerque's KOB quadrupled its audience to become the state's top-rated show in that time slot.

The principal ingredient in any successful hot-line show is the personality of the host, and often the more opinionated the better. Declares Ira Blue of San Francisco's KGO: "On the radio, on the telephone, I am God. And yet his highhandedness with callers ('Madame, stop before you make me sick') has only whetted his listeners' appetite for more. He has received calls from as far away as Guadalajara, Mexico, and Goose Bay, Labrador, averages 65 letters a day, once received a paid-up \$1,000 policy—for his burial. Blue boasts, correctly, "A sponsor who wants to buy a spot on my show couldn't get in for six weeks."

20,000 Callers. Every bit as lavishly-tongued and popular is Los Angeles' Ed Payne, an ex-marine with three World War II battle stars, a wooden leg, and a chip on his shoulder. Rather than debate at length with callers who disagree with him, Joe may tell them to "go gargle with razor blades," or "take your teeth out, put 'em in backwards and bite your throat." But the listeners must like it loutish. Payne, claims his appropriately named station, KLAC, has the highest talk-show rating in the U.S.

A frequent curse of the call-in shows is their monopolization by the same small group of bores. When Lawyer David Fedor, host of Columbia, S.C.'s *Open Mike*, found himself swamped with right-wingers (one woman pointed out, "If you drop the first four letters from Communism, you get UNism"), he firmly limited callers to a three-minute spiel, a one-minute rebuttal.

To cope with similar problems, St. Louis' KMOX, a trailblazer in talk programming, with countless awards to its credit, including a citation from the U.S. Conference of Mayors, has evolved two basic rules: 1) no caller gets



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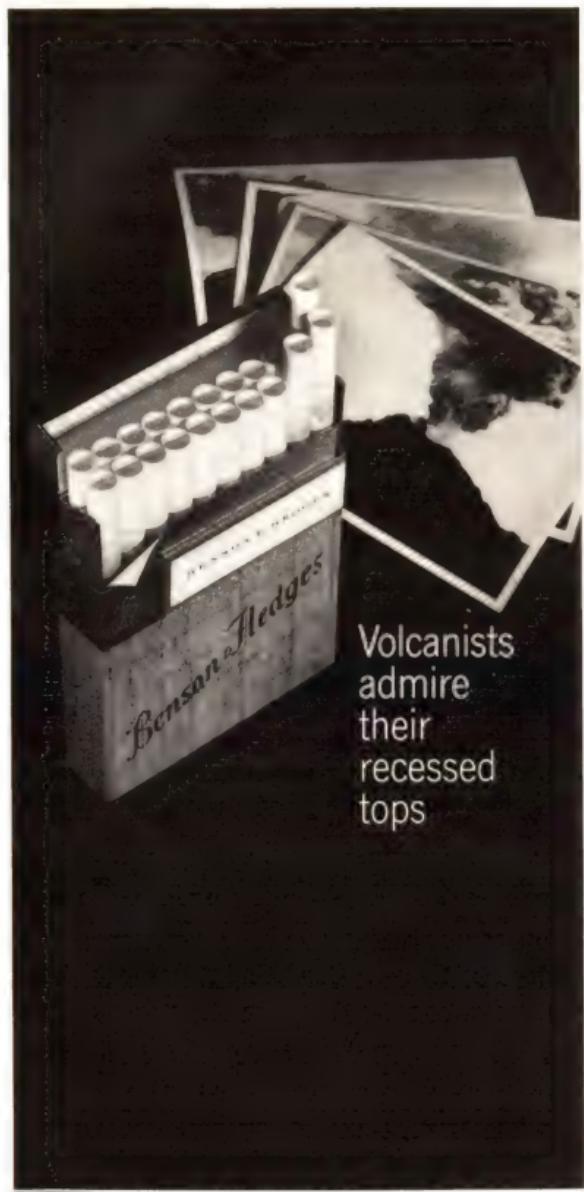
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A view of the harbor at Cannes, Pearl of the Côte d'Azur and headquarters for The Good Life.

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you get more.



LOS ANGELES' JOE PYNE
"Go gargle with razor blades."

through to the moderator until a preliminary interview determines that he is not a crackpot, and 2) each guest must be an authority in his field, such as Dr. Spock or Bishop Pike. What is avoided is sensation, not controversy. When two nuns, just back from Selma, reported on the march on Montgomery, the station drew 20,000 calls.

Wife Swapping. Such wide appeal has prompted the Methodist Church to sponsor *Night Call*, the first hot-line show with a nationwide reach. Originally on Salt Lake City's KSL, it is now also broadcast from two of the nation's most powerful (50,000 watts) outlets in Baltimore and Des Moines. Despite its sponsorship and the fact that two of the three moderators are ministers, *Night Call* isn't pulling any punches; it devoted a program to homosexuality in its first hours.

Obsession with sex can range from titillation to the repellent. On Kansas City's *Counsellor's Corner*, the Rev. R. Lofton Hudson found himself counseling a woman who complained that she was being "pressured" into a neighborhood wife-swapping group. Bob Rafford, on Washington's WTOP, waded unblinking into a discussion of aerosol contraceptives. And when New Orleans' WSMB's Larry Regan asked one deviate caller if he had considered going to a psychiatrist, he got the reply, "Go to a psychiatrist, hell, I go with one."

Occasionally such lurid dialogue performs a public service. An agitated mother told *Speak Up* in Durham, N.C., that two strange women had just tried to recruit her junior high school daughter to "date men for money." No sooner had she hung up than a second mother called in to say, "And I thought I was the only one." Then came a third and a fourth parent and, finally, the chief of police himself. The next night, as he promised, the prostitution ring, including a 13-year-old, was broken up by the cops.



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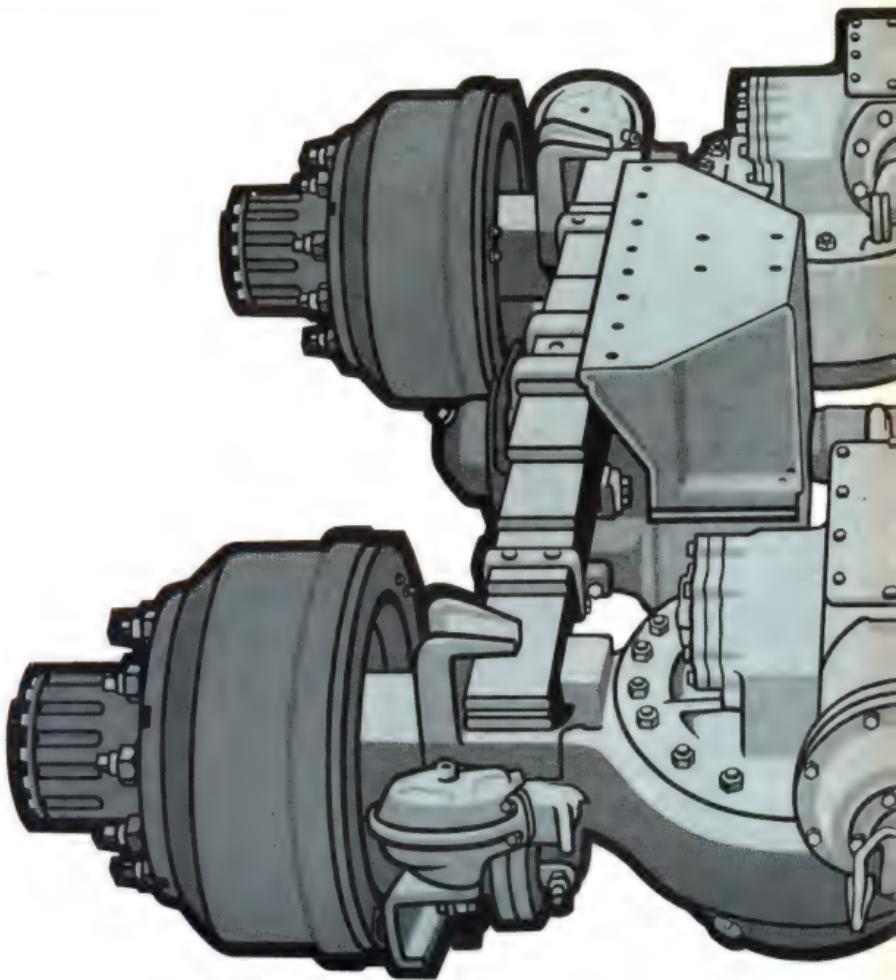
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LIFE



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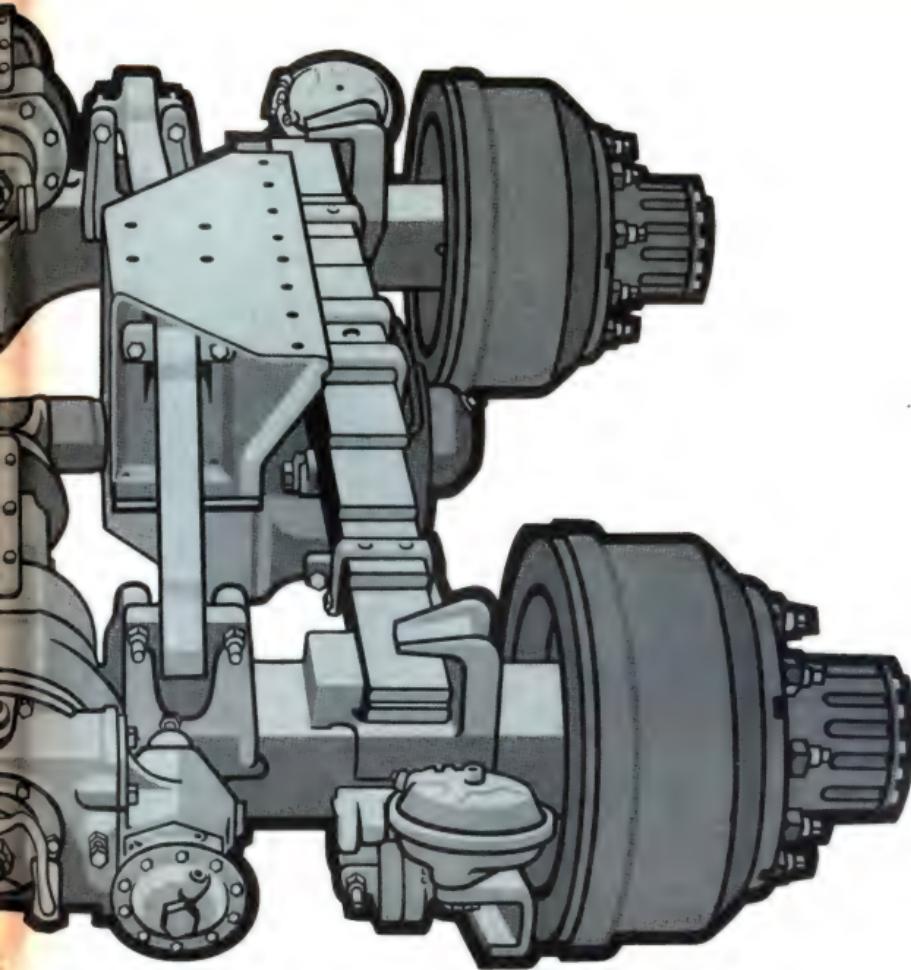
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Scrambling fast in a free-for-all of oldtime comedy styles, *Magnificent Men* invents a Great London-Paris Air Race in the year 1910. The competition, sponsored by British Publishing Tycoon Robert Morley, soon becomes a contest between a rugged U.S. barnstormer (Stuart Whitman) and an airborne English aristocrat (James Fox), each determined to win the day and the tycoon's daughter, Sarah Miles, precisely the sort of fibberigibbet Josephine who might lose her heart—and through frequent entanglements, her hohbo skirt—to a daring young man in a flying machine.

The daredevilry of Sarah's gallant suitors is challenged by an unseemly horde of opponents, clearly selected as the aces least likely to get off the ground. Italy's representative (Alberto Sordi) brings along his large tearful family to witness every crash, while the



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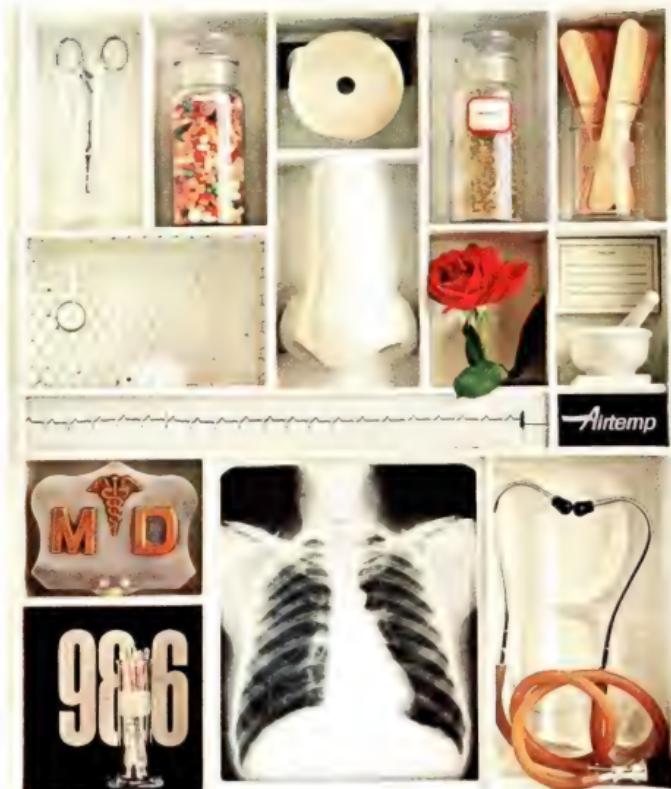


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Japanese entry (Yûjiro Ishihara) pilots a loose assemblage of box kites driven by kamikaze impulses. The flyer in everyone's ointment is England's villainous Sir Percy (Terry-Thomas), who sends his man to saw away struts or detach landing gear on rival planes, a tactic that leads to many a droll mid-air crisis.

As in any comedy more than two hours long, some of the sight gags, chase sequences and romantic interludes add more weight than wit; and an aged running joke about German militarism threatens at moments to send the show into a nosedive. But the day is nearly always saved by an inspired stroke of slapstick, a device wielded with mighty effect by Gert Frobe as Germany's Colonel von Holstein. Frobe faces his French foe (Jean-Pierre Cassel) in a mad duel fought with blunderbusses from a pair of balloons bobbing above a drainage pond. The major casualty is Sordi, whose test flight propels him into their line of fire. Later, when Frobe attempts the channel, flying quite literally by the hook, he somehow finds himself suspended at low altitude, tredding water. This feat is matched by Terry-Thomas' maladroit landing atop an express train bound for Paris—with a tunnel dead ahead.

In a film distinguished for airy good humor, the performances are all neatly off-center, and the setting catches the nostalgia of Ronald Scarfe's curlicued title designs. But beneath the thrills, spills and laughter of this farcical adventure lies a keen, almost wistful admiration for the great achievements of aviation's pioneers. Though the tone is mocking, the feeling is true. Those magnificent men, fluttering foolishly skyward, carry with them the fears and aspirations that humanity often perceives most clearly and with the greatest delight in the forlorn figure of a clown.

Encore la Guerre

Up from the Beach, "What is it all about?" asks Françoise Rosay, a world-wearied old Frenchwoman caught in the tumult of D-day in Normandy. Such questions are staples of the burgeoning crop of movies about World War II. Perhaps the worst blow that can befall a war drama is to let the hostilities lag while homilies ricochet among the ruins, and *Beach* too often calls time out for talk.

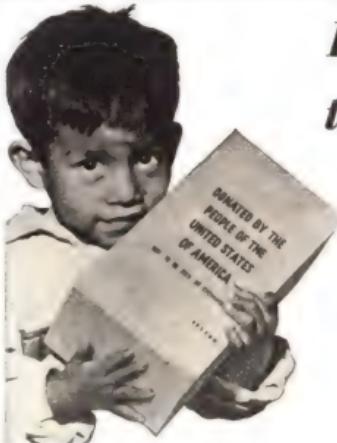
At best, this earnest little melodrama resembles a bantam version of *The Longest Day*. Again the pin-up role is assigned to Irina Demick, described unpersuasively as "a girl who blows up bridges" for the French Resistance. When the Allies strong ashore, Irina and a doughty band of villagers who have saluted forth as a welcoming committee are being held hostage by the Germans. The G.I.s who liberate them include wry-smiling Sergeant Cliff Robertson and the inevitable New York Jewish joker (Red Buttons) assigned to all units for comedy relief. Since the village

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DEMICK & ROBERTSON IN 'BEACH'
Shorter longest day.

is under siege. Cliff is ordered to evacuate his charges, and the bulk of the action consists of dreary trudging to and from the beach, battling military red tape, ducking strafing planes, and getting acquainted.

Despite some well-placed explosions and the gritty integrity of Robertson's performance, *Beach* seldom seems more than commemorative. It has the curiously flat quality of reminiscence, like a ritual re-enactment of great and ghastly events that happened a long, long time ago.

Dishonor Among Thieves

Symphony for a Massacre. In a Parisian gambling den, five men gather to blueprint a million-dollar caper. They ante up \$100,000 apiece and dispatch one of their number by train to Marseille to buy 50 kilograms of narcotics, easily resalable at double the price. The bagman shows off a roomy new briefcase that he hopes will be adequate for his assignment.

Once the details of the plot are arranged, Director Jacques Deray lets his camera single out a lacertilian sharper known as Jabeke (Jean Rochefort), who has long since betrayed the principle of honor among thieves by dallying with the wife (Daniela Rocca) of his colleague Valoti (Claude Dauphin). Now Jabeke ventures forth to buy a hairpiece and false mustache and a roomy new briefcase. Before the bagman departs for Marseille, Jabeke departs for Brussels—on a breathlessly devious itinerary that leads him by car and train to Lyon, to Brussels, then back to perform a lethal mission aboard the Paris-Marseille train. He returns by morning to his Brussels hotel room in time to receive a phone call: his agitated pals report that the bagman's body and an empty briefcase have been found on a railroad embankment in southern France.

In summary, *Symphony's* allegro first movement sounds like a reprise of *Rififi* or *The Asphalt Jungle*. But Director Deray, however assiduously he has studied earlier masterworks of the genre,

Pied'mont is a place

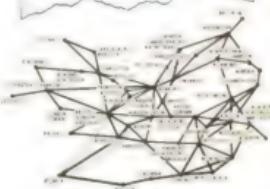
The dictionary describes the "Piedmont" as "a plateau between the coastal plain and the Appalachian Mountains."

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proves that his own cinematic style is cool, original and free of sentimentality. Against Michel Magne's pulsing jazz score, with Paris as a harsh grey backdrop, he works this icy exercise in suspense toward its inexorable and chilling conclusion. Jabeke is forced to a second murder when a wily old confere seizes upon a telltale remark. New



DANIELA ROCCA IN "MASSACRE"
Uncute thriller.

revelations spring from an overlooked newspaper, an unexpected bundle of counterfeit bills. And while the death roll rises, moviegoers who may be bored with the cuteness of tongue-in-cheek thrillers can revel in the superb detail and ironic impact of a crime melo-drama that takes its dead seriously.

Slight Squall

Brainstorm begins with a small, safe idea, carefully contrived to spur concern for the right people. Driving home from work one night, a sober young research analyst (Jeff Hunter) comes upon a locked limousine stalled on the railroad tracks, with an irresistible blonde (Anne Francis) asleep inside. Of course, he saves her from an approaching train. Of course, she upbraids him for spoiling her attempted suicide, and of course she turns out to be the wife of his employer (Dana Andrews), the ruthless tycoon who heads Benson Industries.

Some plot surprises eventually do turn up in *Brainstorm*, but none sturdy enough to compete with Producer-Director William Conrad's unsettling cinematic mannerisms. He recklessly jump-cuts from scene to scene, using gimmicky transitions or linking one sequence to another with trick dialogue. Between times, the plot turns upon Jeff's illicit love for Anne and his rash notion that he can murder her sadistic mate and get away with it by feigning insanity. The deed accomplished, all goes well until his encounter with a strikingly theatrical psychiatrist (Viveca Lindfors) who hints tactfully as possible that Jeff's brainstorm was basically unsound. Any competent script doctor would second the diagnosis.



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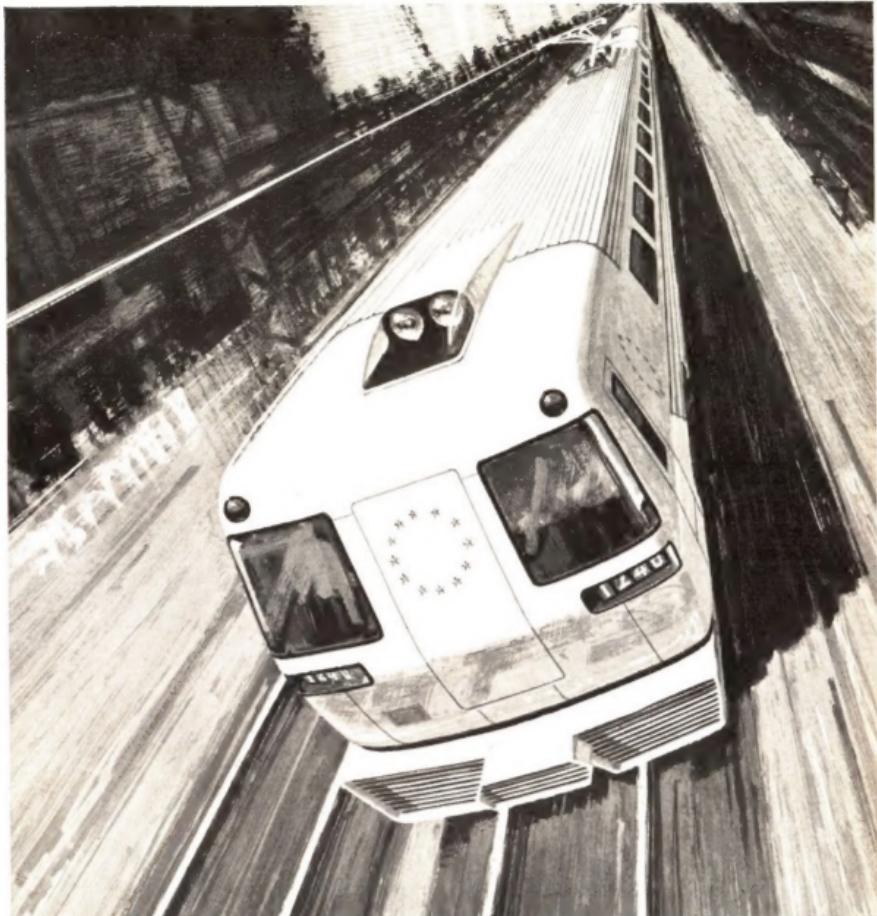
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TIME, JUNE 18, 1965

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Jan. 30	Franklin D. Roosevelt's Birthday	Apr. 14	Pan American Day	June 20	Father's Day	Oct. 24	United Nations Day
Feb. 1	National Freedom Day	Apr. 19	Patriots' Day	July 4	Independence Day	Oct. 31	Halloween
Feb. 2	Groundhog Day	Apr. 21	Secretary's Day	Aug. 19	National Aviation Day	Nov. 12	Elizabeth Cady Stanton Day
Feb. 12	Abraham Lincoln's Birthday	May 1	Loyalty Day	Sept. 6	Labor Day	Nov. 25	Thanksgiving Day
Feb. 14	Valentine's Day	May 9	Mother's Day	Sept. 17	Citizenship Day	Dec. 17	Wright Brothers Day
Feb. 15	Susan B. Anthony Day	May 15	Armed Forces Day	Sept. 24	American Indian Day	Dec. 21	Forefathers' Day
Feb. 22	George Washington's Birthday	May 22	National Maritime Day	Oct. 9	Leif Ericson Day	Dec. 25	Christmas Day

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